THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1874 by the SATURDAY POST PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

1821. THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY. 1874.

Vol. LIII. THE SATURDAY POST PUBLISHING COMPANY, No. 319 Walnut Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1874. TERMS $3.00 a Year in Advance. **No. 40.**

TRYST.

BY PAULINE PILKINGTON FILER.

The crescent flashes amberly,
Half sunken in the western sea;
Like a slow foot-fall that does pass,
Soft slips the wind above the grass.
Haste, sweetheart! haste! the night grows late,
And far the stars serene sink down,
And like the fingers of a fate
The shadows lengthen brown.

Beneath heaven's starry canopies
A tryst I keep among the trees;
In dusk I wait the coming whirr
Of robes that is your herald-er.
Hark! do you come? A thousand stars
Gleam out of heaven to light the way.
I wish my life might all be nights
And you be mine for aye!

Nay 'tis the wind within the night;
Then zephyr's breath more soft, more light,
More like glad music is the sweet
Faint flutter of your coming feet,
When through the gloom your starry eyes
Like pistils gleam along the way;
They hold the soul of harmonies
And have a monarch's sway;

They lure me with that witchery
The syrens know deep in the sea;
They lure me as the sun doth draw
The rainbow out of Mackinaw;
Oh, fair! not she, who to the sky
Forever turned her pensive face,
Was lured by Phœbus' light on high
As I by your naive grace!

Hark!—is it wind among the trees
Making such trancing melodies?
Is it some spheric notes sweet?
Nay, 'tis the coming of your feet!
You come! you come! the starry fires
Lie in your path to gild the way!
Oh! is not Heaven one round of nights
With Marie mine for aye!

Jasper Onslow's Wife.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

THE SECRET WELL.

CHAPTER X.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

The nicest points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head forever and forever.
—Pope.

Jabez Colliver had bought many a head of hair in his life, and from all sorts of people. He had purchased it from women who spread it out and bartered it for the drink for which they would have given their souls could they have sold them. He had bought children's hair that their mothers might have bread; he had trafficked with women at the last gasp of starvation, that their hair might save them from the last mad leap into the swirling river, which ends life and misery together; but he had never encountered such a customer as Muriel Onslow.

Every inch a lady—that fact was evident in every movement; in the dainty arrangement of the black silk dress, sorely worn and shabby now, but carefully kept; in the fit of the neatly mended gloves and the thin boots—relics of better days; but above all in the dainty cleanliness and careful dressing of the golden hair shaken out of its fastenings for his inspection. It was not flaxen lit up into brightness by some cunning application, nor red toned into yellow by judicious exposure and arrangement; it was golden hair pure and simple, unequalled in length, and unsurpassed in beauty. He had bought hair by the sack from Germany, and by the pound from jails and hospitals at home, but he had none in his stock like this; and a whimsical old lady, a customer, was worrying him terribly for natural-looking golden hair. She was seventy, and wanted hair to look like seventeen, and was very ill-pleased that Mr. Colliver could not provide her with tresses of the same hue as her youngest granddchild's hair.

"And it's just the color," he said to himself, as he walked round and round the silent figure with the bowed head and dishevelled hair. "Just the very color! If I can make a decent bargain with her, I may put a twenty-pound note in my pocket by it."

"It's very nice, my dear, very nice," he said to Muriel; "but hair does not fetch much in the market just now, you see."

Muriel raised her head, and her sobs ceased.

She had passed the Rubicon now, and made the offer, and she was prepared to bargain with him for her wares.

"Will it fetch enough to save my husband's life?" she asked, almost fiercely. "To buy him what he needs?"

"Well, that depends," he said. "What might you want for it?"

"Five pounds."

"Too much!"

"No, it is not. Mrs. Henderson told me the value of it. She knows what it's worth, and she knows you, Mr. Colliver."

"You come from her?"

"Yes."

"Any relation?"

"No."

"I thought not."

"We are lodging there, my husband and I. I was married in her house. She has been very kind to me."

"But she cannot afford to go without her money, and yours being all gone she has sent you to me. Ah, I flatter myself I know my very good friend Mrs. Henderson better than she knows me. But five pounds is a long price, my dear—a very long price."

"If you cannot purchase it, I am wasting my time and yours," said Muriel, somewhat haughtily. "I will try elsewhere."

"Now, see there," the old man said, quietly. "How hasty we are. I did not say I would not buy, nor that I would not give five pounds; but you must let me examine it first. I must have a strong magnifying glass, and you must let me run my fingers through it to feel its quality. I cannot buy goods I may not examine."

"Of course not," Muriel said, gently. "Examine it as you will, Mr. Colliver. It is neither dyed nor bleached; it is as nature made it."

She sat still, though every pulse was tingling with indignant shame, while the old man examined her hair and tested its quality.

She winced a little as the magnifying glass was held over her head, and she felt the old man's fingers running through her long locks.

"I will give you the five pounds," he said, after the examination was over; "but you must let me have it all. There must be no whimpering for pieces to be left to look nice—no scenes or fainting over your lost treasure when you come under my shears."

"I came prepared to sell it all," she said. "My husband's life is worth more to me than my hair, and I have no other means."

"Very well; then step this way. I can cut it off myself, unless you would prefer my sending for a hairdresser."

"No; what does it matter? I should prefer no one seeing me but you."

"Then step here."

He drew a huge, quaint-looking Indian screen across the middle of the shop, and motioned her behind it. Then he turned the key in the door, and came to her side.

"That is to keep the boys and every one else out," he remarked. "Now, for the last time, you have quite made up your mind?"

"Quite."

"And I shall not have you fainting and screaming when you see your hair hanging on my arm?"

"No."

"Ah, I have had women shrieking and wishing they were dead when they looked into that little glass yonder, with the money I had paid them in their hands. I have had them fly at me frantically, and threaten my life in their despair at what they had done."

"I am not one of those women," said Muriel, bitterly. "Be so good as to finish the business as quickly as you can, and let me go."

But she turned very pale, and a cold chill struck through her as she felt the first touch of the sharp scissors, and saw Mr. Colliver lay a bright gold tress across the end of his black oaken counter. It seemed as though a part of herself lay there with an unspoken reproach in every golden thread, and silent tears fell down her pale cheeks.

"It is for you, dear Jasper," she murmured. "Maybe it will prove the saving of your precious life."

The thought nerved her to sit still, though her overtaxed nerves made her feel as though she could have done as Jabez Colliver told her other women had done, and shrieked aloud in her self-reproach and fright.

She could feel how carefully and tenderly the old man was doing his work, how gently every lock was lifted and cut off, and she thought it was his business anxiety to make the most of his bargain.

"He will not leave me an inch," she said to herself. "He will make me such an object, that I shall not be able to go out. To think that I, Muriel Chisholm, should come to this!"

But she was mistaken. Presently the clicking scissors ceased, and she felt the man's fingers busy about the back of her head.

"Now, my dear young lady," he said, "I have taken my goods. Look at yourself in this little glass."

"No," she said, shivering. "No, there is no need."

"Don't leave it till you get home. Face the worst at once. The worst is not so very bad. If I had shaved your pretty head I should not have spoiled your beauty."

There was something quite cavalier-like in the quaint way in which he held an old-fashioned mirror to her, and bade her look at herself.

"There's nothing to be afraid of," he said, kindly. "You have beauty enough left to turn the hearts of half the men in London yet."

Enough—aye, more; for it was a fair vision that met Muriel Onslow's gaze as she turned her pale face to the glass.

No queen-like head, with a thick coronet of golden plaits coiled round it, but a pale, spiritnelle face, with soft, short curls clustering around the forehead, and making the dreamy eyes look larger than ever. A few curls longer than the rest fell at the back of the head, and a coronet of little ringlets covered the top.

Jabez Colliver had done his work carefully, and to any chance observer Muriel would only have looked like a lady who preferred to wear her hair au naturel to the monstrosities of Bismarcks or Marguerites.

"You have been very kind—very thoughtful," she said. "I do not know how to thank you."

"There is nothing to thank me for. You have sold me an article it was worth my while to buy. How will you have your money? Would you prefer a note or gold?"

"Gold, if you please."

"Of course, of course. Gold is most convenient. Here you are. Four ten, and ten shillings in silver."

"Shall I give you a receipt?"

"No, my dear. Here is my receipt," and he pointed to the heap of shining hair upon the counter. "Don't go yet, my dear young lady. I should like to talk to you a little."

"Sir!"

"Oh, no offence. I'm an old man, and you're another man's wife; two sufficient reasons in my old-fashioned ideas to prevent me saying a word to you that all the world might not hear. You have behaved in a gentle, ladylike way over this, and I am interested in you. Sit down here a minute, and talk to me."

Muriel did as he bid her. She felt half afraid of him, and everything about him seemed so strange that she almost felt as though she were in a dream.

"We'll put this out of sight," he said, gathering up the hair, and folding it in a sheet of paper. "Now, tell me, what is your husband?"

"An artist."

"A good one?"

"He was, before—"

She stopped abruptly. The thought of all that had passed—of Doris Carlyon's fatal beauty—and the terrible fiasco at the Academy swelled up in her heart, and made her voice choke with tears.

"Before what?" he said, kindly. "Believe me, I don't ask from idle curiosity, but from a wish to help you. Has he been unfortunate in his chosen profession?"

"He has been ill. He has only just recovered from a fever brought on by—"

"By disappointment! I understand. Weeks and months spent over a great work, that becomes at last like a man's own soul in his love for it; and then the chill of seeing it declined—turned away from the Academy doors like rubbish only fit for a great bonfire."

"My husband's failure went nigh to kill him."

"Aye, I know, child—I know. I don't know much like it that I was not artist once, full of hope and fire. The Academy shut its doors upon the work of a whole year, and made a broken man of me. The girl I loved turned from me and blighted my hopes. I sold the picture for less than the canvas and the frame, and lay down in the common ward of a hospital to die, as I thought; but I didn't. Somehow life had need of me still, and I drifted by degrees into what you see me—collector, broker, miser, wizard even, as the common people about here think me, I believe. See how I have maundered on about myself. I love art and artists still for the old times sake, and I dabble a good deal in pictures and engravings. What is your husband's name, child?"

"Jasper Onslow."

"He!"

"Yes."

"I have heard of him. All the gossip of the Academy floats to my ears still. I thought—indeed I was told—that Mr. Onslow was an unmarried man."

"He was then. I see you have heard the story. It was his honest love for a wicked woman that brought him to such a pass. It is over now, and he is my loving, faithful husband till death."

"I hope so, my dear. This other woman, he has forgotten her, then."

"In all that concerns love he has. If I thought he had not, I would—"

"Would what?"

"Kill him."

"She is capable of it," thought Jabez Colliver to himself, as a fiery flash lit up Muriel's large eyes. "I hope it won't come to that, my dear. What is he doing now? Has his hand quite lost its cunning?"

"I fear so."

"Is there nothing he can do?"

"He has tried everything he can think of. He cannot get teaching, and sketches are a drug on the market."

"They are indeed. Would he be too proud to do mere mechanical work, do you think—such as mounting and arranging, touching up, and so forth?"

"I have not been too proud to do worse than that," she said sadly. "No, I am sure he would not."

"Is he well enough to go out?"

"Oh, yes, though he is very weak."

"Then bring him here to-morrow, and let him talk to me. I think I can find him something to do that will be of use to me, and not overtax him. He can pick up his strength and look about him at the same time."

Muriel went back to Mrs. Henderson's with a new feeling of hope in her heart. She felt that the old man had been in earnest in what he said, and that if Jasper were but strong enough to undertake what Jabez Colliver could give him to do, a future at least secure from starvation was opening before them.

CHAPTER XI.

A GOOD TIME COMING.

In man's most dark extremity
Oft succor dawns from Heaven.
—Scott.

It was quite dark when Muriel reached Villiers street, and for a minute or two her husband noticed no change in her appearance.

"My darling," he exclaimed, "where have you been?"

"Earning some money, dear. See what I have brought—a dainty little supper, Jasper; and more than that, dear, I have brought the hope of better things in the future."

"As how?"

"Employment for you, if you can pocket your pride enough to take it."

"I have none to pocket now, little wife. What is it?"

"Will you be artist in ordinary in an old curiosity shop—a toucher-up of odds and ends—a mounter of drawings to an old man, a cross between a miser and a sage?"

"With all my heart. Where is he to be found?"

"At Limehouse."

"At Limehouse?"

"Yes."

"The other side of the world. Does any one live at such a place?"

"A good many people I fancy, judging by the crowds of people I encountered. Mr. Jabez Colliver does, at any rate."

"Jabez Colliver?"

"Yes; the person I spoke of. I've been to see him. Mrs. Henderson suggested that he—that is, that perhaps he might find something for you to do. I got the money from him to buy these things with."

"In earnest of my services? What a confiding old party he must be!"

"Not exactly that, dear. Now, come close to this table, and taste a bit of this fowl. See, I'll cut off the liver wing for you, and here's some old port wine. I must set you on your legs again soon as may be."

"I shall be doubly armed to-night. Mrs. Henderson brought me some arrowroot with wine in it not long after you went. She's a good-hearted soul in spite of her queer ways. She hinted most mysteriously that you were gone to get some money. You have not been to El Dorado and back in these few hours, have you?"

"I have been to see Mr. Jabez Colliver," Muriel said, smiling, though her lip quivered as she spoke, "and the result was this."

She laid the gold on the table by her husband's plate, and he stared at her in amazement.

"Why, Muriel, what have you done for this?" he asked. "What had you to sell that could bring so much money?"

"My hair, Jasper."

"Your what?"

"My hair!"

"And you have sold it?"

"Yes."

"Let me see—take off your hat, and let me look. Oh, Muriel, how could you—how could you?"

"Very easily, dear. You can't think how light and comfortable my head feels without it. Why, I declare you look as frightened as I was when that old man wanted me to look at myself in the glass. I felt sure he had made a hideous object of me."

"He could not do that, dear. Let me see."

Muriel took off her hat, and he regarded the altered head of his wife with a look of sharp pain on his worn face.

"It has been well cut," he said; "but, oh, Muriel dear, your beautiful hair—and to think that you should have done this for me. I cannot bear to think what I have brought you to."

"What I have brought myself to, you mean," she said, gently. "Don't be so worried about it, Jasper. If I never look worse than I do now, I shall get through the world very well. Don't, dear husband, or you'll break my heart."

For Jasper Onslow, overcome by bitter thoughts, and weak from long illness, had bowed his head upon his clasped hands, and was weeping the bitter tears which are sometimes wrung by grief and despair from manhood's eyes.

"Let him alone, my dear; it will all come right," said Mrs. Henderson, who entered at the moment. "Of course he don't like it—no man would; but there was no harm in what you have done, and old Jabez hasn't spoiled your pretty head. Don't sit crying there, Mr. Onslow; but look up and take the world as you find it. Your wife has opened a way for you, as I knew she would."

With all her kindness to the sick man, the old lady did not approve of the utter listlessness to which he seemed to be giving way. Had she been dying she would have made an effort to stand on her feet and get through her day's work, and she could not understand the lethargic nature which made it impossible for Jasper Onslow to fight against his indolent weakness.

"I thought I might come in," she said, cheerily. "And you needn't blame your wife, Mr. Onslow, for what she's done; I put her up to it. I hope you stuck out for your price, my dear."

"He didn't haggle much with me."

"Ah, then you didn't ask half enough. You should have said ten instead of five."

"I was thankful to get what I did, and I am grateful to you for sending me there. Mr. Colliver treated me most kindly, and has promised to help my husband to some kind of employment. We are to go to him to-morrow."

"I told you so. He'll drive a hard bargain, maybe, but whatever he says he'll pay to the minute. Don't you worry yourself any more. If Mr. Onslow is willing to work for him, it'll keep the wolf from the door till better days come round. When you've done giving Mr. Onslow his supper, come down to my room, will you? I've a pretty piece of work to show you."

She left the room, and Muriel helped her husband to bed and set the room in order, and then went down-stairs.

"I won't be long, dear," she said. "I don't suppose Mrs. Henderson will keep me. Try to go to sleep."

He was asleep almost before she reached the bottom of the stairs. He was tired, and his supper and the good wine he had swallowed made him heavy.

Mrs. Henderson looked very grave when Muriel entered her little parlor.

"I don't want to worry you, my dear," she said, "nor to add to your troubles in any way; but I think you had better go away from here."

"Go away! What do you mean, Mrs. Henderson? Is it because of the money we owe you? I can pay—at least, part of it."

"Not a bit of it—don't you worry about that; but some one has been here asking for your husband that I don't think you'd care for him to see."

"Asking for Jasper! Who?"

"A woman, my dear—the woman that caused all the trouble he has gone through."

"She! Doris Carlyon?"

"Yes, that's the name, my dear. She left her card. Here it is."

Muriel took the glossy, scented pasteboard, and looked at it with eyes that had no tears in them, only a glance of wild hatred and fear.

"Yes," she said, slowly, "that is the woman who was so near being my husband's murderess. What did she want with him? What did she say to him?"

"Lor' bless you, my dear, she didn't see him. I know a thing or two, and I didn't let her in. I'm not blind nor deaf, and I've heard all about Miss Doris Carlyon, and what she did. She came as mild as milk, and an old lady with her."

"Ah, Mrs. Bellew, dear old soul. Well, what did they say?"

"They asked for Mr. Onslow, and I pretended I didn't know who they meant, and the old lady said, 'A young painter we are interested in, madam; he has a lady with him. I am anxious about her, poor child.'"

"Heaven bless her for that!" said Muriel, warmly. "What did Doris Carlyon say to that?"

"She said—but never mind that, my dear. She's an evil-tongued woman, and words that fall from such lips do very little either of good or evil in the world."

"Oh, tell me. I owe her a heavy debt already; it will but add to it a little, that is all."

"She told the old lady she ought to be ashamed of herself—that they did not come here to ask after abandoned women, but to see Mr. Onslow, and, if possible, to help him. I fired up at her, I can tell you, and I told her I had none but married people in my house, and she must go elsewhere if that was the sort of people she wanted. She was very angry, and said she would soon find Mr. Onslow without my help, so that's why I want you to go away, my dear, for she's not the sort of woman to trust a handsome young man with."

"Oh, no, indeed. I am more thankful than I can tell you, Mrs. Henderson, that you did not permit her to see Jasper. Not that he cares for her—I am sure he is quite cured of that mad passion—but the sight of her would have recalled so much that is painful that he would have been ill again—I know he would."

"And a poor feckless, maundering creature he must be to let such a thing upset him," Mrs. Henderson said to herself; but she did not hint as much to Muriel. "Maybe she won't come back again," she said. "Perhaps it was only a freak; but maybe you'd better go."

"Oh, yes; I couldn't stay here with the feeling that every foot upon the steps, every ring at the bell, might be hers. If she comes again to-morrow night, you may show her our empty room, Mrs. Henderson."

But Muriel need not have been afraid. Doris Carlyon was only in London for a few days, and she had taken it into her head to hunt up Jasper Onslow in an idle

moment. It was out of pure malice. She wanted to stand face to face with him once more, and see if she could win him back to her side with a word from her evil tongue.

Ostensibly her mission was one of charity.

"Perhaps he will let me help him, auntie," she said to Mrs. Bellew, who consented to accompany her, in the hope of hearing something of Muriel.

"Poor girl, I will never believe she went wilfully wrong," the old lady said, kindly. "She was too high principled for that."

"Our opinions of high principles differ," Miss Carlyon retorted. "I don't call it a mark of high principle to go openly and live with a man who was not her husband, nor any manner of relation to her. I beg you won't talk about her. I am not interested in her proceedings."

They gained no information from Mrs. Henderson, and while Muriel was debating the next day in terror what to do, they were speeding back to the country, no thought of Jasper Onslow in Doris Carlyon's haughty head.

But Muriel's terror was none the less because they did not return directly. She knew her husband's character now—"unstable as water," as the patriarch of old said of his eldest born, and she dreaded the effect the sight of Doris Carlyon, or any news of her, might have on him. He loved her now with all his heart, and would as long as nothing came to rouse the old flame; but would the love last should he see the woman who had been his ruin, again? Would his affection stand the test of seductive smiles, and witching glances from the eyes that were once all he held most dear on earth? She would not risk it. They would go away at once, and hide themselves in some obscure locality, where such delicate creatures as the woman she feared would never intrude.

Their visit to Limehouse helped on her object not a little. Jasper awoke the next morning querulous and discontented, after the fashion of indolent invalids. "He did not think it was worth while to go all the way to Limehouse after, perhaps, nothing at all. The old fellow might not have any fit employment for a gentleman when they got there; and Muriel had been wrong, very wrong, to do what she had done without his permission," &c., in the style which those who have to do with fractious invalids can only too well understand.

But Muriel smoothed all the difficulties with a few gentle words, assured him that old Jabez Colliver was a gentleman, in spite of his queer surroundings, and persuaded him to dress and go with her after a great deal of unnecessary and captious delay on his part.

He was somewhat mollified when he got to Marling Manor, and his artistic taste was pleased at the appearance of the old man and his surroundings. Jabez Colliver treated him like a gentleman, notwithstanding that he drove a hard bargain. Jasper Onslow accepted his offer, as what needy man would not, and agreed to give his services in any way about his art collection that was needed, and to take entire charge of the same for a weekly stipend of two pounds. Mr. Colliver further stipulated that they should come and take up their quarters close by him as soon as ever they could conveniently leave Villiers street.

CHAPTER XII.

AT HOME.

A man's best things are nearest him—
Lie close about his feet.
—*Honckton Milnes.*

To Muriel's great delight, Jasper seemed to take a liking to Jabez Colliver, and to be satisfied with the prospect before him. With returning health to the invalid had come the dissatisfied irritability which so often attends convalescence, and the wretched nervousness born of weakness which is so distressing to see, so terrible to bear.

But the visit to Limehouse, and the first talk with old Jabez Colliver, seemed to brighten him up. He liked the look and manner of the old man, and the quaint old house; and its stores of rare and valuable works of art were a real enjoyment to him.

Jabez Colliver took them all over the manor, and told them its history—how he had clung to the old place, and refused to give it up in spite of all that the dock companies and the parochial authorities could do to oust him from it.

"As long as I live they sha'n't touch a stone of it," he said; "and I am not afraid of the common people interfering with it. They think it's haunted, and eschew it with a will. No one in the parish would live here for a fortune."

"Perhaps that is as well," said Jasper; "for you have much that is valuable here."

They were standing in a dark, heavily vaulted room at the back of the house as they talked, where heaps of rare and curious things were stored away in seemingly careless confusion. But they were carefully stored for all that, and no spot of damp or mildew was upon anything there, though they wanted sorting and arranging.

"There's more here than people think," the old man said. "Marling Manor has hiding-places that the idlers about outside little dream of. There's one of them. I might put all you see here into this old well, and it would be safe and unsuspected."

He pushed aside a wooden covering in a corner of the room, and the dim light revealed the open mouth of a well.

"There's no water in it now," he said, "and, oddly enough, no damp. There must be an outlet in it somewhere, but I have never explored it, and I hope I shall never have occasion. It may serve as a strong box if ever I should have any dread of thieves."

"It is an awful place, Mr. Colliver," said Muriel, shuddering. "Shut it up, please; I feel as though I should fall in else."

"You nervous child," Jasper said, laughing, and trying to peer down into the darkness below. "Now, I feel as though I should like to get down there, and see what was at the bottom of it. As you say, Mr. Colliver, it would make a safe and sure hiding-place."

"Oh, don't, Jasper!" gasped Muriel, as she saw him bend over. "You terrify me."

Jabez Colliver pulled him gently back.

"You should not frighten your wife, Mr. Onslow," he said, gravely. "See how pale she is! Some persons cannot bear to look down into depths, or from heights, at all."

"I cannot," Muriel said, her lip trembling still from fright. "I am very foolish, I know; but do come away from here—it seems like a place where murder might be done unheard, unquestioned, undiscovered."

"So it might, my dear, so it might—has been for aught I know, for the old manor has some queer stories attached to it; but come away, Mr. Onslow, you and I will look these things over another time. There's plenty to be seen and done in the other part of the house."

He pushed open a little door as he spoke, and they passed through a small passage, apparently built in the thickness of the wall.

At the end of it they found themselves in black darkness; but Jabez Colliver pressed a spring somewhere, and a panel flew back, revealing a red curtain, through which the daylight shone.

"Go through," he said, and to their inexpressible astonishment they found themselves in the shop behind the Indian screen, which stood by the old man's arm-chair.

"Heaven only knows what that passage was made for," he said; "I find it very useful. My old bones would ache sadly enough carrying things all through the long lobby, and across the yard yonder to my store-room. But the passage is a secret from the outside world, remember. I have shown it to you because you will have to use it while you are with me."

"Does no one know of it?"

"Not that I am aware of. I inadvertently went out through the panel one day when some people were in the shop; but they were sailors who had come with some monstrosities to sell; so what they said or did, did not much matter."

"What did they do?"

"Rushed out into the street in terror, and swore I had vanished up the chimney in a flame of fire. I was mobbed for two or three days, and had to put myself under the protection of the police. It was a very uncomfortable time, I can tell you; and I have been very careful since. Even my old charwoman doesn't know of it."

"We'll keep the secret," Muriel said, gayly. She had taken a strong liking to this queer old man. "We sha'n't smell brimstone when we see you suddenly vanish, Mr. Colliver."

They went all over the old house, and peeped into empty rooms, handsomely panelled, which had once echoed to the tread of stately feet, and into cracked and tarnished mirrors, which had reflected the wicked beauty of the dissolute women of the Court of the second Charles.

They saw queer hiding-places behind shutters, and at the back of fire-places, where hunted royalists had hidden and sweltered while Cromwell and his psalm-singing butchers sought them with pious curses and holy anathemas.

They looked at grand old furniture and faded hangings till their minds seemed to go back a century or two, and to people the place with quaint figures in the array of that olden time.

"I might give you rooms in the old house," Jabez Colliver said, when they had finished their inspection, and had returned to the front of the manor and the business of everyday life, "but I won't. You wouldn't like it, and I shouldn't like it; it would put me out of my way to have any one here. Have you any place for yourselves?"

"Of course we must take a lodging somewhere," Jasper said, with the touch-me-not air of a rather irritable man, who resents the slightest interference with his lordly will. "I suppose there are lodgings to be had about here?"

"Well, yes, of a sort," Mr. Colliver replied, with a half smile at the tone; "but I don't suppose you will care to pay about a guinea a week for what they call genteel rooms hereabouts—which, by the way, includes slovenly servants, insolent landladies and other abominations—or half that sum for a place no bigger than a rat-hole with the same addenda. You'll have to take your choice in Limehouse. The good folks hereabouts live on sailors, and are in the habit of finding them very good pickings indeed."

"I suppose there are decent lodgings and tolerably honest landladies to be found even in Limehouse," said Jasper, a little haughtily.

"I'm afraid they'll be far to seek, and hard to find," Jabez replied, turning pointedly to Muriel, who was feeling rather ashamed of Jasper for thus showing himself in his worst light to his future employer. "What do you say, my dear, to a couple of empty rooms furnished with some of that old lumber up yonder; it will freshen up considerably, and with a few modern necessaries added, you'll be independent of everybody."

Muriel assented gratefully. She had been wondering how they were to manage for a home, for they had no ready money, and she knew how fatally expensive anything like respectable lodgings would be.

"I should like it very much," she began, but Jasper interrupted her, fretfully.

"We cannot put ourselves under such an obligation to Mr. Colliver," he said; "nor give him so much trouble."

"I shall be obliged to you," he said. "I shall be glad of a chance to show off the old carved chairs, and so forth. You must let your wife settle all this with me, Mr. Onslow. You are very far from strong, and a lady's head is always the clearest in matters of this sort."

Jasper Onslow assented almost sullenly, and was very cross and sarcastic to Muriel all the way home. She bore with his grumbling as she would with the fretting of a child, laying all his hurt dignity at being made a nobody of in his illness, and soothing him with gentle words and hopeful prospects, till, by the time they reached Villiers street once more, he was restored to present good humor at last.

"He's an ill-tempered, vain fool," was Mr. Colliver's private verdict on his new assistant; "but he knows what he's about, and he'll be worth his money to me. Poor young thing! She loves him—and he only cares for her as a man cares for a good housekeeper, or a careful, patient nurse."

He was about right. Muriel's deep affection could only win that much return from him. At first gratitude seemed as though it had strengthened into love, and would return all the love she had to give; but he had never really loved her, and it was apparent now. Not that his passion for Doris Carlyon had returned; he was simply indifferent to her. He could hear her name unmoved, and wonder at the madness of the old time at Kingcolm, when he would lay down his life for a word from her lips or a glance from her dark eyes.

A week from that time saw Muriel installed in two good-sized rooms in a tumble-down house not far from the manor. The landlady was very glad to get such a tenant, for, as she said, pathetically—

"The place was too big and lonesome-looking for most folks, and her bits of furniture was nowhere in them big rooms; and people as brought their own wanted papering and painting done, and she could not afford it."

But Jabez Colliver's big oaken bedstead, and heavy tables and drawers, suited the place very well; and one crooked little window, at which Muriel could sit, overlooked the room, always full of life, and altogether the place was not unpleasant. By degrees she gathered together, as women will, little bits of household adornment, brightened up her room with bright-colored carpets and quaint chintz hangings, and had flowers in her tiny balcony over the area; so that when some months after they had begun their new life at Limehouse, she lay in her chamber tranquil and happy, with a baby boy by her side, it was a very pretty home she looked upon, and a calm future that lay before her.

Jasper seemed to have lost his fretfulness, and to take kindly to his altered position. Most of his time was passed with Jabez Colliver in the old manor-house, though now and then he would bring some delicate job of mounting or repairing home with him, and claim the help of his wife's lighter fingers.

One day when Muriel was able to be about once more, and the boy had grown into a sturdy fellow of some six months old, a thorough domestic tyrant, Jasper came hastily in, calling her.

"You're wanted over at the shop, Muriel," he said.

"Who wants me?"

"Mr. Colliver; you can help him out of a fix, he says."

"How?"

"He's bought a mass of rags that he calls old lace, and he wants it mended. I told him I thought you could manage it; just go and see, will you. I'll mind this young shaver till you come back."

She went at once, and found the old man busy over what Jasper had called so disrespectfully a heap of rags. He told her he had a good chance of selling some of it if it could be put in order; and if she could do it he would pay her the full price for lace mending, and something over.

It was an offer not to be refused, and Muriel carefully examined the lace. It was a tangled heap, very much torn, but she had mended rare and costly lace for Doris Carlyon, having been taught the art, and she resolved to undertake it.

"You must do it here," Jabez Colliver said. "Find some one to mind that young vampire at home, and sit here—it's cheerful enough."

Muriel agreed, and that very afternoon, bending over her task, she was conscious of a shadow falling over her.

"I couldn't wait till you sent me word about the lace, Mr. Colliver," a voice said, "so I've even come to 'beard the lion in his den, the Douglas in his hall,' as some poet says," and looking up, she found herself face to face with Doris Carlyon.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 27.)

THE LOST RUBY:

A Tale of London Life.

BY A RETIRED BARRISTER.

When Bond street was the fashionable London lounge, before Regent street was thought of and George the Fourth was king, there might have been seen a richly emblazoned and highly fashionable family carriage, stopping at the corner of Bond street, from Piccadilly, on account of a sudden throng of vehicles which barred the way.

In this fashionable carriage were two persons, and no two persons probably could have been found who presented a more remarkable contrast to each other than these.

The one was a lady of about forty years of age; she was of the large style of humanity, and in her dress and her appointments everything was of the character which seemed to challenge observation. Her ample dress was covered with large embroidered flowers in silk; her shawl was of a large and demonstrative pattern; her jewelry, of which she wore a painful abundance, was fearfully massive.

There was, likewise, just the suspicion of rouge upon this strangely extensive lady's countenance, and a certain prominence of the lips, and a bold and unwinking appearance about the eyes, proclaimed her to be what might be called a woman of nerve and resolution, and one, too, whom it would be most dangerous to offend.

Seated, not by her side in the carriage, for this large lady occupied the whole of the back seat, but immediately opposite to her, was a being the very reverse, physically and decoratively, of the adorned lady.

Small and delicate to a degree—plainly attired, and with no ornaments about her, if we may except a small cornelian heart which was attached to a black ribbon that spanned her delicate throat, sat opposite to the lady we have described, a young girl.

A dress that fitted closer up in the neck than fashion just then dictated, a plain gray shawl fastened by a black pin, a bonnet, from which just straggled one curl of the profusion of beautiful hair of that glossy brown which is so characteristic of English girls, constituted the only noticeable items of her appearance.

The beauty, both of feature and expression, of this young lady was very great indeed. It consisted of a good deal of that winning gentleness and sensitiveness of expression which make such rare specimens of human nature look like tender flowers, which it would be profanation to touch too roughly, and which look too fragile and delicately fashioned for the world.

But on this occasion the sensitiveness of the young girl was called more than commonly into action, and every particle of color had fled from her face, leaving it like an exquisite surface of white velvet.

Her little hands were clenched nervously in the shawl, and she was looking in the face of the other occupant of the carriage with such an expression of concentrated mental agony that it ought to have moved to pity even the obdurate heart of the person opposed to such a look.

But it did not do so.

On the face of the elder personage there was a look of scorn, of contempt, mingled with lightning-like glances of anger; and the flush—the extra flush about her eyes and forehead—showed that what she was saying stirred up the passions that lay very near the surface of her temperament.

In order, however, that the reader may be better able to individualize these two persons in the little dialogue that ensued between them, we will give them names—not their own, for one of those persons still lives, and, although in honor, happiness and respect, it would pain her to read of these family events, and to feel that any one might point to her as the heroine of the tale.

The elder lady we will, then, name Lady Hanton; the younger, Matilda Clare.

Their relative positions, at that time, were those of employed and employer.

Lady Hanton was the wife of General Hanton, an old gentleman who had been, so the world said, married whether he would or not, by the bold and extensive-looking female in the carriage, some ten years before that day on which our tale commences.

Matilda Clare was the governess of the two children of the Hantons—a girl and a boy, of the respective ages of eight and six. The only other member of the Hanton family with whom we need have anything to do was Gaspard Hanton, a son of the general's by a French lady, who had been his first wife.

Gaspard was a cornet in a regiment of light cavalry, and was about twenty-two years of age.

The general was very rich.

The present Lady Hanton was the daughter of a stock broker, of whose career and its termination it is needless to say anything.

And now, having premised this much, we again find ourselves at the corner of Bond street, just as the fashionable Hanton carriage has been brought to a stand still, and is still rocking to and fro on its wide and ample springs, giving as it does to the two persons in the inside the appearance of making little jerking bows to each other, when nothing could be further from their intention than to do so.

This temporary stoppage, however, seemed to give Lady Hanton, as she was called, by virtue of the general being a K. C. B., and consequently a "Sir," an extra power of vituperation: for she almost bawled in the face of Matilda Clare the following words: "You—you—you pauper!—to think to set yourself up for such a conquest, you miserable, half-starved wretch! What do you mean by it?—you that are no better—no, not a bit better than a mere menial! You fancy that because I give you your board and lodging, and twenty pounds a year for teaching the classics, polite literature, French, German, geography and music, and so on, to my two children, you are going to intrude yourself into such a family as the Hantons."

"Madam—"

"Now hold your impertinent tongue, do! Did I not catch you and Gaspard actually in the school-room together, corrupting the minds of my children by your love-makings, as I suppose you will call them? Oh, I hate you! But you shall troop—troop, Miss Clare, as soon as your quarter is up—perhaps before. Who knows what may happen?"

There was a strange look upon the face and a quiver of the eyes of Lady Hanton as she pronounced these last words, which sufficiently betrayed that they had an occult meaning.

The young girl said a few words in reply to this accusation. They ought to have been conclusive.

"Lady Hanton, you forgot to add that, on the occasion you allude to, General Hanton was likewise present."

"What's that to do with it? You know the old fool will listen to anything. He is a great deal too much smitten with your baby face himself, I believe; but I will put an end to all this. Now don't aggravate me by any insolence—don't, don't! I will not hear another word. Be quiet, do!"

"Madam!"

"Now I tell you I don't want to hear you. I look upon you as a viper—the viper that was warmed in the bosom of the man in the fable, and which then stung him. You come into my family, and you are treated like a princess. Twenty pounds a year and all found, and then you set your cap at my step son, who is only home on leave till his regiment goes abroad, where he may be killed, and then his fortune comes to my children."

"Good heavens!" cried the young girl, and she clasped her hands over her face.

"Oh, come, come, that's all very fine. None of your pretended fine feelings will have any effect upon me, I can tell you. There, the carriage is going on."

"Madam—Lady Hanton!"

"Hold your tongue!"

"Madam, I will not. All that you say, and all that you insinuate, is untrue."

"There, there! Give me the lie in my own carriage, do. That is what I ought to expect. Say I am a liar."

"No, madam; I am, as you well know, not in the habit of using coarse expressions."

"And you mean that I am?"

"You are, Lady Hanton."

For a moment or two the expression on the face of Lady Hanton was of so mixed a character that it would have been difficult to define it. Whether the result of her thoughts would be to seize Matilda Clare by the throat and give her a good shaking, or to open the carriage door and push her out into the road, or to have more respect for her on account of her boldness, it was difficult to say; and no doubt poor Matilda sat in some trepidation, in expectation that the unusual spirit she had plucked up might produce a dangerous explosion of wrath.

But Matilda Clare had not sufficient experience of such people as Lady Hanton to know that the more they are defied the milder they grow; and she was quite surprised when her ladyship said, in a much lower tone of voice, "I shall exact from you but one promise, and then you can leave my house."

The young girl looked inquiringly in the face of Lady Hanton, who added, "That promise is that you will never so much as speak to Gaspard Hanton, my step-son, again."

"And why, madam, should I give such a promise?"

"Because I insist upon it."

"The reason is not sufficient."

"Then you are a base and—"

"Hold, madam! I will not sit here and have such expressions used toward me. You know me too well to fancy that by word or look I would make any advances to—to any one."

Poor Matilda's tears strove hard to come, but she heroically suppressed them.

"You know, madam, that it is not my nature to behave in any such fashion; and when Mr. Gaspard came to me and told me that—that—"

"Told you what?"

"That he loved me—"

"Oh, he did, did he? And you believed him?"

"With all my heart."

Lady Hanton felt strongly inclined, at that moment, to attempt to suffocate Matilda Clare with one of the cushions of the coach.

"With all my heart," added the young girl; "but I told him that, considering the disparity of our fortunes, I would not listen to him, and I would not, and then he went and fetched his father, who completely sanctioned his addresses, and it was at that moment that you arrived, madam."

"And pray, Miss Clare, may I venture to ask what are your intentions?"

"They are no secret; I have expressed them both to the general and Gaspard. I said that if in one year from now he would come to me, and say that—that—he—he—"

"Well? Well?"

"He loved me still, I would be his; but I could no longer stay in his father's house as governess."

"Oh, that is the nice little arrangement, is it?"

"It is, madam."

"Oh! ah! We shall see—we shall see. And pray what do you intend to do when you leave us?"

"That, madam, I do not feel bound to discuss with one so unfriendly to me as Lady Hanton."

"Indeed! Oh! ah! I see! Gaspard's regiment goes abroad in about a month. You will leave us, and he will no more consent to go without you than without his sword. Ah, of course! There will be two or three more highly sentimental meetings, at which the old general will be present. Oh, I can see it all; and then there will be some tears, and the whole thing will be satisfactorily settled—if—if— Well, well! So be it. Samuel! Samuel!"

The front glass of the coach window was let down, and Lady Hanton called to the coachman.

"Yes, my lady."

"Mr. Nash, the jeweller's."

"Yes, my lady."

Lady Hanton then turned to Matilda, and, in a voice of more friendliness, said, "Very well, Miss Clare; I don't know why I should put myself out of the way on account of you or your affairs. After all, what does it matter to me?"

Matilda Clare only bowed her head gently, and then said, in her usual quiet way, "Then it is understood, Lady Hanton, that at the end of this current quarter, which will be in about a fortnight, I leave your service without the necessity of further notice?"

"Oh, quite so—quite so! And now I don't want any changes; and as you have been in the habit of coming into the shops with me, come into this one."

Matilda Clare could give herself no reason why it should be so, but she felt a sickening sensation at her heart when Lady Hanton spoke these words, and she would have given much to have been permitted to remain in the carriage. She was, indeed, upon the point of refusing to go into the shop; but she hesitated about such a seeming proclamation of ill-will and war with Lady Hanton, so she stepped out of the carriage after her, and they were met by the bows and smiles of Mr. Nash.

"What could I have the pleasure of showing to her ladyship? I have some beautiful new designs in rings; or would her ladyship like to look at a new tray of brooches just come in?"

"Mr. Nash," said Lady Hanton, "you were saying you had some unset jewels which you could make up in any design."

"Certainly, madam, certainly."

"Would a bracelet look well with two rubies—that is to say, one on each snap—and two turquoises, and two yellow amethysts?"

"Beautiful, beautiful, my lady! a most charming assortment of colors. If your ladyship will be so good as to step this way, I will do myself the pleasure of showing you our unset jewel-drawer."

Lady Hanton and Matilda Clare were conducted to an elegant apartment, where no one was waited upon but by Mr. Nash himself; and from a little mahogany cabinet of drawers, one in which there were about twenty unset jewels was produced.

Lady Hanton took the little drawer on to her lap, and began admiring the jewels.

"This, I think, will do for one," said her ladyship.

"A sweet amethyst!" exclaimed Mr. Nash.

"But I don't see the rubies."

"Ah, madam, so valuable a stone we keep separate from all others. They are here."

Another little drawer from the cabinet was produced, and it sparkled with about twelve or thirteen rubies of different sizes and quality.

Each of these drawers were provided with two quilted satin flaps which met in the middle, and had to be turned aside to see the jewels.

"Beautiful," said Lady Hanton. "Well, Mr. Nash, I will leave you the selection; but the bracelet must not cost more than two hundred pounds."

"Very good, my lady; it shall not."

"Oh, I forgot emeralds. I want to see some emeralds."

"Certainly, my lady."

The jeweller turned to get another drawer from the cabinet; and Lady Hanton, at the same moment turned over the quilted satin flaps of the ruby drawer so that the stones were covered up, and then turning to Matilda Clare, she said, "Hold this a moment."

Matilda, without a thought, did so, and when the jeweller turned round with the drawer in his hand, in which there was some emeralds, Matilda handed to him the drawer with the rubies, which he at once slid into the cabinet again, without removing the satin quilted covering.

It was astonishing how soon after that moment Lady Hanton took her departure from Mr. Nash's; but, as she turned out of the shop, two of the jeweller's assistants heard her say, "I cannot imagine what makes you in such a terrible way to get home, Miss Clare."

To this, Miss Clare said something in a tone of surprise which they did not catch. But it was an expression of wonder that Lady Hanton should think her in a hurry, since such was not the case.

Another moment, and they were in the carriage.

"Home," said Lady Hanton.

It was about six o'clock on the same day, and just after the first dinner-bell had rung in the splendid house of General Sir Hubert Hanton, K. C. B., that a hackney coach stopped at the door.

From the hackney coach there alighted a man, who, when he had reached the pavement, turned to another person who was in the coach, and said, "You stay where you are, Brand; I do hope you will not be wanted."

"All right!" said Brand, who was no other than one of the brothers Brand who were well known Bow street officers of that period.

Mr. Nash, the jeweller of Bond street, who was the person that had got out of the coach, now knocked in rather a timid and disturbed sort of way at the door of the general's house.

"Could he see Lady Hanton?" was the message he came with.

The hall porter shook his head.

Mr. Nash looked confused.

"I really must see her," he said; "will you take a message, or get a message conveyed to her, that I am here? There is my card."

The hall porter shook his head again, but he called to a footman:

"Thomas, do you think you could see Mrs. Wrench, and get her to tell her ladyship that Mr. Nash wants to see her?"

Thomas set his collar right, and then glanced at his calves, and then shook his head, from which a slight film of hair powder was projected into the atmosphere, and then said it was "impossible."

Then Mr. Nash, looking a good deal paler than he had looked before, said, "But I must see her ladyship; and if not her ladyship, I must see the general."

A little old gentleman, rather unsteady on his legs, at this moment made his appearance from a room on the ground floor, and was about to cross the hall, when Mr. Nash stepped forward.

"General! Sir Hubert. I beg pardon, but—but—"

"Eh? what is it? what is it, eh? Business, eh? Another time."

"No, general, I must—I beg pardon—but really I must request one minute's conversation."

"What about? What about?"

"My name is Nash."

"Well, well, Mr.—a—Dash, what is it?"

"General! General!"

"Eh?"

"Could you oblige me? I am a respectable man, sir; Nash, the jeweller, of Bond street—a respectable man, sir—I mean, general; and I beg of you to favor me with one minute's private audience."

The old gentleman looked in Nash's agitated face with surprise, and then he said—

"Step this way, then, Mr. Smash. This way. Well, sir, now what is it?"

"General, this morning, Lady Hanton—that is, your lady, general—Lady Hanton—"

Nash could hardly find breath to speak with.

"Zounds, sir, what do you mean?" said the general; and he said it with such vehemence, that it took him fairly off his legs, and he fell into a chair.

Then Nash dashed his doubled-up right hand on to the palm of his left and spoke.

"General, I showed Lady Hanton a tray of rubies—unset jewels; no one has seen them since; the key of the cabinet has only been in my possession, but one of the finest of the rubies is gone, value three hundred and fifty pounds."

The general tried to get up, but one leg went one way, and the other another, so that he was compelled to sit down again, as he roared out—

"And do you mean, Mr. Squash, to come back with your cock-and-bull story of a ruby, and to insinuate that Lady Hanton stole it?"

Nash looked bewildered.

"Speak, sir?"

"General, general! I don't know what to do—I don't know what to say!"

"What is all this?" said a composed voice, at this moment; and, in a gorgeous dress of crimson velvet, Lady Hanton made her appearance.

"Oh!" said Nash.

"Oh!" said the general.

"Madam, I—a—"

"He says you stole a ruby!" blurted out the general.

The rouge lay thickly upon the face of Lady Hanton, but it was very strange that at this moment some shrinking or crimping of the skin under it must have taken place, for it began to fall in minute particles.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Lady Hanton; "what do you mean, Mr. Nash?"

"That's it," said the general.

"What? what?"

"His name—I forgot it—thought it was Orash."

"My lady," said Nash, "the tray of rubies—one is gone—no one but your ladyship saw them. I have seen a magistrate, and he has sent an officer with me. One ruby is gone—one of the best. What would you do, my lady, if you were in my place? What would you do, general? What can I do?"

Lady Hanton clasped her hands together.

"Gracious heaven!" she said. "Then that explains all."

"All?" said Nash.

"All?" said the general, as he made another attempt to gain his feet, but they flew about in all sorts of ways.

"Yes—in the coach—she said she would leave us at the end of the quarter—that she knew a way to live without work. She was mad to get home!"

"Who?" roared the general.

"Miss Clare."

The general was on his feet in a moment.

"You—you don't mean—"

Lady Hanton shook her head.

"You don't mean that Matilda Clare stole Mr. Smash's ruby?"

"Good gracious, yes!" cried Mr. Nash. "I begin to see it all now!"

"You do," said Lady Hanton. "You saw her with me?"

"Yes, yes!"

"You saw her with the tray of rubies in her hand?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Did you count them?"

"No, not after her—not after she handed them to me."

"Some water, general—I feel faint!" said Lady Hanton. "Some water!"

Nash ran out to the coach at the door, and beckoned Brand, who then came into the house.

"Settled it?" said Brand.

"No—that is, yes! We know all about it now! This way—this way! It's a Miss Clare—it's the governess, who has stolen the ruby!"

Mr. Nash found at this moment a hand laid upon his arm, and a mild, quiet voice said—

"Will you have the goodness to say that again, sir, that I may kick you into the road."

It was the young Cornet Gaspard who spoke, and who now looked calmly into the eyes of the jeweller, awaiting his reply.

"No, no!" said Brand, the officer. "We must have no breach of the peace, young gentleman, if you please."

"But what is amiss?"

At this moment the door of the room which the jeweller had so recently quitted was opened, and Lady Hanton appeared, pretending to lean on the arm of the little old general, whose feet went about in a very odd way.

"There!" said Mr. Nash. "Ask her ladyship, sir—ask the general, if you please!"

"Gaspard, my boy," said the general, "all these people—all these folks, Gaspard, accuse Matilda of robbery. They want to say that she stole a ruby this morning from a shop."

"Matilda! She! Matilda!" gasped the cornet.

"Yes," said Lady Hanton; "but it is so entirely out of the question and impossible—"

"Thank you, mother," said Gaspard.

"That, for her own sake, I insist upon a search being made in her room. I daresay we shall find her there, and her exoneration from this ridiculous charge must follow."

"But, my lady," said Nash, "I thought you thought that she—"

"I decline hearing anything you may have to say, Mr. Nash. You have an officer, I see, with you, and he will do his duty. You will take the consequences."

"Very well, my lady, I will. Mr. Brand, you will search the young lady's room."

"Never!" exclaimed the cornet.

"Yes, my boy, yes. Let them!" said the general; "only you and I will go as well—we, who neither believe in her guilt, nor in the possibility of it. This way, Mr. Constable—this way, if you please. Lady Hanton, will you come?"

"No; my feelings will not permit me."

"Very well. This is the way."

Matilda Clare occupied a room on the second floor, which was exclusively her own. Both the general and Gaspard knew the room well enough, but they had neither of them ever set foot in it since Matilda Clare had occupied it; but now a very few moments sufficed to bring the party to its threshold.

The general knocked.

"Come in!" said Matilda, in a cheerful tone.

The door was opened, and then she looked surprised to see her visitors.

"My dear Miss Clare," said the general, "sit down, and let this person examine your room. Ask no questions now; we will tell you all about it afterward. Be calm, and do not entertain any apprehension."

Matilda looked amazed, and the officer began his search. Mr. Nash stood at the door like a sentinel. The officer went systematically to work, and, in a very low cadence, whistled a tune as he did so.

There was on the dressing-table a China vase, in which Matilda Clare had a collection of rose-leaves, which sent out a light perfume into the room.

Brand turned this little vase upside down, and the rose leaves were strewn about the table. Then, with the utmost coolness, he said, "Here you are!"

"What?" cried the general.

"What?" shouted the cornet.

"My ruby!" said Mr. Nash.

"That's all," said Brand; "can you you swear to it, sir?"

"I can."

"Then I must keep charge of it, if you please. Miss Matilda Clare, I think I heard was your name; young lady, you are my prisoner!"

Matilda uttered a cry of despair, and fell into a swoon which looked so like death that the cornet called out frantically that they had killed her, and was with difficulty prevented from attacking Nash and Brand.

Such then, was the case as against Matilda Clare, who, after two remands, was about to be committed for trial by one of the most careful and painstaking magistrates we then had.

A Mr. Pendervile, a solicitor who was employed by General Sir Hubert Hanton and his son to defend Miss Clare, came to me with the case, and with great difficulty I had procured the remands at the police-court, instead of an immediate committal, in the hope that something would turn up to elucidate the mystery in which, to all of us, the case was involved.

It was on a Saturday that the last appearance at the police-court was to take place; and, looking so pale and ghastly that it was terrible to see him, poor Cornet Gaspard came with Mr. Pendervile to my chambers, in order that we might hold a last consultation over the case.

After a whole hour spent in confabulation, which came to nothing, Mr. Pendervile at last spoke in a low voice, saying, "From first to last of this affair we have all wanted courage to say what we think. It is my duty, I believe, to say it. Did Lady Hanton place the jewel in the china vase in Miss Clare's room, after herself taking it from the jeweller's shop?"

"Yes," said I.

"Yes," said Cornet Gaspard; and then for the first time in his life he fainted. It was from downright exhaustion that he gave way; and I at once procured medical assistance, and insisted upon his being conveyed home, promising to come to him so soon as the examination was over at the police-office.

When Mr. Pendervile and I were alone, we talked the matter over freely enough; and although we were both of opinion, from all we had seen and heard, that what he had said afforded the true explanation of the case, how were we even to hint such an opinion?

What could we do but materially injure the case of Miss Clare, by what would appear to be an atrocious attempt, without the shadow of a proof, to fix her apparent guilt upon another.

We felt that we dared not venture upon it.

But was Matilda Clare to be sacrificed? The answer seemed to be yes.

What could we do?

We went to the police-office with that expression on our lips. The case seemed utterly hopeless.

It was the winter, and the days were short. The police-office was already in darkness, and was being lit up when we reached it.

I spoke to the magistrate about the lateness of the hour.

"Oh, I will take all I have down on my paper if I sit till ten o'clock!" he replied.

It was eight o'clock before Matilda Clare was brought in and placed at the bar.

The court was still full of spectators, for they had waited on purpose to see her. It almost broke my heart to look in her sweet face; and yet there was no bitterness there—all was patient suffering; but how pale she was! The delicate flower which, properly nurtured, and in the sunshine of love and gentleness, would have bloomed in beauty, was all but nipped and blighted by the cold hand of unmerited persecution. She seemed taking with her a something of the cold chill of her prison walls.

I felt certain that she would soon be released from whatever fate was in store for her, if found guilty, by death. That to another and higher tribunal than those on earth, where all secrets are known, she would only too soon be enabled to appeal.

Tears dimmed my eyes as I looked at her, and I was hardly able to speak.

The magistrate looked at me, as he said, "Have you anything further to say in this case, or any fresh evidence?"

I shook my head.

"The case for the prosecution, then, is complete, I fancy. The clerk will read the depositions in full, and the formal remand will take place."

"Your worship," said a man, stepping forward, looking very pale and ill, "if your worship pleases, I want to say something."

"Oh, you are Mr. Nash, the prosecutor."

"Yes, your worship; and what I want to say is, that if your worship will be so good as to discharge the prisoner, I don't want to prosecute. I don't mind the loss of the ruby, even if I can't have it given up to me without a conviction, but I want to let the prisoner go."

The magistrate shook his head.

"I cannot do that, Mr. Nash."

"But I cannot sleep at nights, sir, if you please, and I pity the poor young thing from my soul!"

"So do we all, I hope. Your feelings are creditable to you as a man, but I have a public duty to do here, into which I dare not import my feelings. The prisoner stands com—"

"Hold!" shouted a voice that awakened every echo in the court; and there strode into it a man who, at the first glance, I really did not know, so changed was he; and yet it was Gaspard Hanton, the young cornet.

When I had last seen him he was deadly pale, ghastly, weak as abstinence and mental suffering could make him; but now there was a bright flush upon his face—a gleam of light from his eyes—and he stood to his full height, and his voice was sonorous and clear as he again spoke.

"Hold, hold! Sirs, all, there is evidence for Matilda Clare, the innocent prisoner now before you!"

"Gaspard, Gaspard!" shrieked the young girl, "you have come to save me! My Gaspard! Oh, Heaven, he has come to save me!"

"I have—I have!"

Torrents of tears fell from the eyes of Matilda Clare, and she could only support herself by clinging to the bar before her.

The heart of every one in the crowded court seemed to be touched, and there was so much excitement, that the magistrate had to rise from his seat to command and entreat for order.

But the most singular thing of all to me was that on each of his shoulders the young officer, Gaspard Hanton, had a little child.

On one, a boy of about eight, on the other, a girl some two years his junior, but both intelligent-looking children; and the moment, from their elevated position, they saw Matilda Clare, they called out to her—

"Dear, dear Miss Clare—oh, dear, Miss Clare, do you love us yet? We love you, dear Miss Clare!"

"Yes, yes!" said Matilda. "God bless you both! Although I am torn from you, I have learned to love you!"

"What is the meaning of all this?" said the magistrate.

"Evidence, sir," replied Cornet Hanton, "evidence, sir, for the prisoner!"

"Your evidence?"

"No, sir; the evidence of these two little ones, whom I have carried here from their home. I am in time. These children have made a revelation to me which they would no doubt repeat here, for they are both the most truthful children that ever lived. It is a most painful revelation, but the innocent must not suffer for the guilty!"

"I am afraid they are too young to be sworn," said the magistrate.

"Will you question them, sir, on that head?"

"It will be my duty. But do you say, sir, that both the children are in possession of evidence?"

"Both, sir."

"Then let one be removed to my private room while we examine the other."

This was done, and the boy alone was left.

"Now, my little fellow," said the magistrate, "what is your name?"

"Frank Hanton."

"How old are you?"

"Eight."

"Do you know what is meant by taking an oath to speak the truth?"

"Yes, sir."

"What does it mean?"

"It means that God, who made us all, and is so good to us all, would be grieved if we said what was not true in His name; and it would be so wicked to grieve God, that Franky could not do it. Oh, no—no—no!"

"Who told you that?"

"Dear Miss Clare."

"I will swear this boy," said the magistrate, in a tone of voice which showed how much affected he was by the simple and admirable answer that had been given.

So the child was sworn; and while scarcely a breath could be heard in the crowded court, he deposed as follows:

"Sissy and I wanted to startle Miss Clare, so we hid in her room while she was out with mamma. We hid behind the little Japan screen, and we thought we heard Miss Clare coming, but it was mamma, and we did not move, and we did not speak; and mamma emptied all the rose leaves out of Miss Clare's china vase, and put in such a pretty stone, and then the rose leaves on the top of it; and then mamma looked so ill; and that's all."

There was a deep sigh—something between a sigh and a groan from everybody in court, at this terrible revelation.

"Do you know when that happened?" asked the magistrate.

"Yes, it was the day when that naughty man came."

The man pointed to was Brand, the officer.

"But how came this statement to be made, now?"

Then the cornet stepped forward and spoke.

"Sir, I was taken home about two hours ago, so ill that I could hardly move or speak; and I went to Miss Clare's room to ponder over the terrible fate that seemed to await her, when the two children came in, and seeing me in tears, the little girl flung her arms about my neck, and called to the boy, saying, 'Franky, you see if the pretty stone mamma put in Miss Clare's flower jar is there, and give it to dear Brother Gaspard; and then he won't cry.' From that I gathered life and hope, and questioned the children, when I was told what has been just now deposed."

"Let the other child be brought before me," said the magistrate.

This was done, and the deposition was the same.

Then there was an awful silence in the court for a few moments, and the magistrate rested his head upon his hand.

Looking up, then he said in a low voice, "The prisoner, Matilda Clare, is discharged without the slightest stain upon her character."

With shrieks and cries of joy, Matilda was in another moment resting on the breast of Cornet Gaspard.

"I have now," added the magistrate, "a painful—a very painful duty to perform. It is to issue my warrant for the apprehension of Lady Hanton, on the evidence that has been placed before me. Officer, do your duty. You, Brand, and your brother, can go."

The two officers left the court directly.

"Oh, this is terrible!" said Matilda. "Can she not be saved? Oh, sir," (to me,) "what can be done? It is so terrible to see a mother condemned by her own children!"

"Hush!" said Gaspard, as we all left the court together. "Lady Hanton is at the Court ball to-night, at St. James's Palace. I have sent her a slip of paper on which I have written the words, 'Fly—all is known.' She cannot but understand it, and will escape."

The cornet was wrong. Lady Hanton did not escape. The slip of paper was handed to her, to be sure, and she made her way at once to her sedan chair, which was waiting for her. Many of the ladies, for fear of crumpling their dresses in the coaches, had gone in the old fashioned sedan chair to the Court ball.

Lady Hanton was just stepping into her chair, then, when the officer met her.

"You are our prisoner, madam," said Brand.

"Ah! for what?"

"Stealing a ruby."

"Take me then!"

Before they could prevent her, she had taken a small phial from the bosom of her dress, and swallowed its contents. She fell back in the sedan chair a corpse.

It was kept secret for many years from the two children, what had been the fate of their evil-passioned and imperious mother; so that when they knew it, time and reason softened the pang.

Gaspard Hanton was united to Matilda Clare. He is now an officer, high in the service; and she is still, by her mental endowments, the ornament of a high station.

☞ It is now asserted, says the New York Tribune, that a side window in a stable makes the horse's eye weak on that side; a window in front hurts his eyes by the glare; a window behind him makes him squint-eyed; a window on a diagonal line makes him shy when he travels; a stable without a window makes him blind. Truly farming is a fearful and wonderful pursuit.

TO STOP BY SIGNAL.

"What station is this, Wilson?" cried an old gentleman, looking out of the window.

His servant, a demure looking man, in black, who had just got out of a second-class carriage, touched his hat, and replied, "I don't know, sir; I'll ask the guard. Yes, sir, Sloughton station, sir."

"There ought to be a board with the name on it," cried the old gentleman testily. "Gnerd, why isn't there a board to this station?"

"So there is, sir, at the other end of the platform."

"Then, why doesn't the train stop where people can read it? How am I to know when we get to Pugborough, Wilson?"

"We sha'n't be at Pugborough for this hour, sir," cried the guard. "Come, jump in sir"—to Wilson, who resumed his seat. The whistle sounded, the train went on.

At the very next station they came to, the old gentleman put his head out of the window again. "Hi, Wilson!"

Wilson jumped out of his carriage, and came to his master, and touched his hat once more.

"Is this Pugborough, Wilson?"

"No, sir! This is Much Munkton."

"Now, take your seat," cried the guard; for only one passenger had alighted, and none had entered the train.

At the next station the same scene was repeated.

"Come, sir," cried the guard, who was tired of hearing the old man's voice, "don't trouble yourself any more. I'll be sure and let you know when you come to Pugborough."

"Will you!" cried the old gentleman, apparently much gratified. "Upon my word, you're very kind. I didn't like to ask you, for I know how much you have to do."

"It's only my duoty, sir," says the guard, slamming to the door.

"Hi, guard!" cries the old gentleman.

"Yes, sir," replies the guard impatiently, returning to the carriage door.

"You're quite sure, now! you're quite sure, eh! you won't forget me at Pugborough?"

"Oh, no, sir," said the guard; "that'll be all right."

"And Wilson—where's Wilson? Oh, here, Wilson; you won't forget my box, Wilson, when we get to Pugborough?"

"No, sir," says Wilson, scrambling into his seat once more.

"Troublesome old chap that," said the guard as he swung himself into his van. "I mustn't forget him at Pugborough. There's no other passenger for there."

Now, Pugborough was one of those mysterious places that are marked with a cross or dagger in Bradshaw, and if you succeed in unearthing a corresponding dagger in some obscure corner of the page, you will find "Stops at Pugborough to take up and set down first-class London passengers only."

Whether it was that the guard, in his excess of anxiety to remember, had blunted his faculties, or that some spiteful Puck had given his wits a bewildering shake, I know not, but somehow it happened that the guard forgot to warn the engine-driver; and when the man looked up from his parcels, he found, to his dismay, that the train was flashing along some half-mile past the little Pugborough station.

To signal to the driver and put on the brake, was the work of an instant. The train was brought to a stand-still, and then slowly backed to the station, amidst the fierce denunciations of the through passengers.

The guard himself was much out of temper, angry with himself for his forgetfulness, angry with the old gentleman for having given him so much trouble.

"Now, then!" he shouted to the man-servant. "Sharp! Look after your master's traps. Here you are, sir," he cried, opening the first class carriage. "Here's Pugborough. Now, sir, if you please!"

The old gentleman was asleep, and couldn't be roused to a sense of the situation for some time. He growled and grumbled; at last, fully roused, he stared at the guard with lack-lustre eyes.

"Pugborough, is it Pugborough? Thank you, guard; I remember. Where's Wilson?—Wilson! Wilson! where's my box?"

"Never mind your box, sir—I'll see to the luggage. Jump out quick, please."

"Jump out!" cried the old gentleman; "jump out! Why should I jump out? Who said anything about getting out?"

"What!" cried the guard, aggrieved to the very verge of desperation. "Haven't you been bothering about Pugborough ever since we left Euston!"

"At your own request, guard," said the old gentleman calmly, "I intrusted you with the duty of warning me of my arrival at Pugborough. I should have preferred to leave the task to my own servant. Ah! here's the box. Thank you, Wilson," said the old gentleman, taking from his servant's hands a small pink box.

"The fact is," said the old gentleman, calmly opening the box, and looking benignly at the excited guard, "that my daughter gave me the most particular injunctions. "Mind, papa," she said, "be sure you take a pill at Pugborough."

The old gentleman could never understand why the carriage door was dashed to with such terrific violence, the whistle sounded with such a fiendish yell, and Wilson whirled into his carriage without being permitted to take charge once more of his master's pill-box.

Marshal Bazaine's Marriage.

Marrying for love is not always unlucky, or indiscreet either. When Marshal Bazaine was in Mexico, and at the height of his fame, he fell in love with the beautiful and gentle, but penniless, Senorita Penazy Pena, whose only possessions were her own charms and virtues, and a historic hereditament that had descended from her grandfather, a former president of the republic. At the time of the marriage the young lady was deemed to have made a great catch in a husband so wealthy and famous. But, in the general chapter of vicissitudes, time brings some curious changes, as it has done in this case. Misfortune checkered the career of the whilome condescending lover, and penury and degradation followed affluence and dignity. The affairs of the loving pair were at their lowest ebb; but just at this juncture—so the genius of romance fixed it, to give an orthodox denouement to this love story in actual life—the aunt of Madame Bazaine dies and bequeaths to her untold wealth; and now the erewhile dejected wife of the fallen marshal may again lift up her head among the proudest. Such is life.

☞ Owen Brown says: If you understand dogs, there isn't much danger from them. I never saw one that would bite me. Dogs, you see, are like men; if you pretend to know them, they are not sure but you do, and at least believe that a certain civility is due to the doubt. The fact that you aren't afraid of them, too, has to both dogs and men a convincing, peace-making mystery about it.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A DAUGHTER OF BOHEMIA. A novel. By CHRISTIAN REID, author of "Valerie Aylmer," "Morton House," "Nina's Atonement," &c. With illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

This is in some respects the best of all these admirable novels. It proves the wealth and versatility, the broad, strong sweep of Christian Reid's genius. In the beginning, Leslie Grahame pleases us. She is fair and sweet, gentle and lovable; has spirit and intelligence enough to play her part well, and lead society; hedged about with all the proprieties, she is a gracious embodiment of all the proprieties herself. We enter into Arthur Tyndale's belief that she is the select of her SEX—the one woman for him. We deprecate the coming of Norah as some rude, wild, incalculable element of mischief that will mar the serenity of the life flowing on so smoothly. The representations designed to prejudice and so alienate Leslie from her unknown sister, have that effect upon the reader's mind. But Norah Desmond comes, and what do we see?

A beautiful woman, self-possessed and graceful to a charm; full-armed alike for friends and enemies, equal to all emergencies, victorious in all social encounters, versatile, clever, bewitching—Cleopatra and Portia in one. She steps into her place at once as queen of the story. The Daughter of Bohemia reigns. What she wills to say or do, if not

"Wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best,"

is, at all events, what the reader craves to hear. How royally she deports herself in the novel sphere of conventions and formalities, this untamed, untamable

"Daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair!"

Thrown upon her own resources of mind and soul, how completely they sustain her! The stately head but poises itself the more steadily at each threatened humiliation. Her triumphant self-assertion gives one a tingling sensation of delight—the thrill of meeting power where weakness might be looked for. Crossing swords with her recreant lover, her part is played superbly. It is a difficult position—meeting her own *fiancé* of two years ago, now engaged to her sister; but she is equal to it. All her womanly weapons are keen and bright, and she uses them with unfailing tact and sovereign skill, till the very core of the traitor's false heart is reached. Absolutely he doubts if Norah ever loved him, whether she was not playing with him all the time. Defeat and abasement recoil upon himself. Forsaken, slandered, scorned? What strange delusion had possessed him! This royal creature

"Kept her heart serene upon its throne."

That he had ever reached its height was a presumptuous dream. Thus the victory is won; the daughter of Bohemia comes off with flying colors, mistress of the situation. And this well-won supremacy seems to have a curious effect upon Arthur Tyndale, showing that the heart of man is deceitful above all things. But it would spoil the reader's pleasure to betray the plot, at one of its subtlest points; and we should be sorry to mar the reading of so rare a tale as this of "A Daughter of Bohemia."

FATAL OMENS.

Not a few old families pride themselves upon inheriting certain omens, whereby they are warned of death's approach. Some are warned by a meteor's light, some by melancholy strains of music floating from the mansion to die away in the woods. A mysterious knocking, never heard at any other time, tells the lords of Bampton that one of their race is bound for the silent land. A stamping by unseen feet on the palace floor predicates a death in the family of the ducal house of Modena. A sturgeon forcing its way up the Trent toward Clifton Hall, is a sign that the Cliftons of Nottinghamshire will have to put on mourning. For some days before the death of the heir of the Breretons, the trunk of a tree is to be seen floating on the lake near the family mansion. Two giant owls perch upon the battlements of Wardour Castle, when an Arundel's last hour has come. If a Devonshire Oxenham is about to die, a white-breasted bird flutters over the doomed one's bed. A local ballad relates how on the bridal eve of Margaret, heiress of the brave and generous Sir James Oxenham, a silver-breasted bird flew over the wedding guests, just as Sir James rose to acknowledge their congratulations. The next day, the bride fell dead at the altar, stabbed by a discarded lover.

"Now, marry me, proud maid," he cried,
"Thy blood with mine shall wed!"
He dashed the dagger in his side,
And at her feet fell dead.

Poor Margaret, too, grows cold with death,
And round her, hovering flies
The phantom bird for her last breath,
To bear it to the skies.

Howell saw a tombstone in a stone-cutter's shop in Fleet street, in 1632 inscribed with the names of sundry persons, who thereby attested the fact that John Oxenham, Mary his sister, James his son, and Elizabeth his mother, had each and all died with a white-breasted bird fluttering above their beds.

A family of Loch Ranza, Arran, know when one of their kin is about to die, by an invisible piper playing a lament on the hillside. When death purposes visiting a McLean of Lochbury, the unwelcome caller is heralded by the spirit of a battle-slain ancestor ringing the bells on his fairy bridle, as he gallops twice round the old homestead. As a rule, death announcing phantoms are of the feminine gender. No Lady Holland expects to shuffle off this mortal coil until she has seen a shadowy counterfeit presentiment of herself. The Middletons of Yorkshire, as becomes an ancient Catholic house, have a Benedictine nun to apprise them of a reduction in the number of Middletons. A weeping, moaning, earthy-sprite warns the Stanleys of the death of a distinguished member of the family. A hairy-armed girl, called May Moullach, brings the like sad news to the Grants of Grant; the Bodach-am-dun, otherwise the ghost of the hill, performs the office for the Grants of Rothiemurcus; and most old Highland families boast their own familiar banshee, whose wailing, screaming, and weeping, tells them the head of the house must make room for his heir.

☞ A polite young Philadelphian, while in church on a recent Sunday morning, dived down to the bottom of a pew to pick up a parasol which a fair neighbor had just dropped. He grabbed the parasol, and at the same moment saw an embroidered edge of her pocket handkerchief sticking from under her dress. He thought he would pick that up too, and commenced tugging at it. There was a fierce struggle for a moment, and two very red faces appeared in that pew, and the young man sat pondering all through the rest of the service how he could have mistaken a white underskirt for a cambric handkerchief.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ The jewels which the duchess of Edinburgh brought with her to England are said to be worth $2,500,000, and include one hundred bracelets.

☞ "Did you execute the instrument without fear or compulsion from your husband?" blandly asked the judge. "Fear! Compulsion? He compel me? You don't know me, judge."

☞ Helen Dickens, a daughter of Charles Dickens, is creating quite an excitement in England from her writings. Perhaps.

☞ A man in Ottawa, Illinois, recently plugged a tooth with cotton saturated in creosote to relieve the pangs of toothache. He allowed it somehow to drop out, and swallowing it, died of the poison.

☞ Kattie Martin, whose parents reside at No. 91 Somerset street, Newark, went to bed very much exhausted after jumping a rope 300 times in succession, and the next morning was found dead in bed.

☞ In Marysville, Cal., the other day, a Newfoundland dog walked into a market, dropped a ten cent piece out of his mouth, and walked off with a whole salmon. The butcher says some folks may call that dog intelligent, but he thinks that a dog that can't distinguish between a ten-cent slice and a $5 fish hasn't got even common sense.

☞ Robert O. Whittier, of Littleton, N. H., sat down on a circular saw, last week, and was divided against himself. As Artemus Ward would remark, they buried him both in the same grave.

☞ It takes six goats a month to feed a large boa constrictor. They are swallowed whole, the time for each being two hours and twenty minutes, during which the reptile makes terrific efforts and disgusting contortions. He then lies in a torpid state till his food is dissolved, when he makes known that he is ready for another meal.

☞ When King Lunalilo was in his last illness, he sank into a trance that was mistaken for death. His attendants closed his eyes and began to make preparations for a state funeral. Suddenly the king opened his eyes and intimated that he would be obliged if they would let him die before burying him. The reasonable request was granted, but the funeral soon took place.

☞ Some time since, a mirage was witnessed from Vineland, Delaware Bay, 25 miles distant, was distinctly mirrored in the sky; sailing vessels and steamships were plainly seen and their courses marked. Even the motion of the waves was clearly visible. The exhibition lasted during the last forty minutes of the afternoon, disappearing as the sun dropped out of sight.

☞ "Sales ladies" now advertise in the newspapers. "Washer lady." "charlady," and "lady of all work," will follow in due course.

☞ A malicious person says that cotton sheets and newspaper sheets are alike in the respect that a great many people lie in them.

☞ Conundrum—Said a boy: That chap yonder is my brother, and this girl is his sister, yet she is no relation of mine. Answer—The boy lied.

☞ The first shop for the sale of horse meat was opened in Paris in 1866. In the following year 2 151 of these animals, including some donkeys and mules, were consumed; in 1869 the number was 2,758; in 1872, 5,732; and in 1873, 8,977, of which 1 092 were asses and 51 mules. In the provinces the increase was equally considerable.

☞ Edwin Forrest's biographer tells us that, every winter, orders were left with the grocer with whom Mr. Forrest dealt, to refuse no poor person wanting credit, and send the bills to him for settlement. It was left to the grocer to discriminate as to the recipients of this bounty.

☞ In Amenia, N. Y., there is an old-fashioned house, now nearly a century old, which contains twenty-eight rooms, exclusive of closets, and has seven brick fireplaces, three ovens, and six outside doors.

☞ "How much are these tearful bulbs by the quart?" asked a maiden of a Fulton Market grocer, the other morning. He stared at her a moment as if bewildered, but soon recovered himself and bluffly said. "Oh, them inyuns? Twenty cents." ☞ If there is one time more than another when a woman should be entirely alone, it is when a full line of clothes comes down in the mud.

☞ A Sioux city hotel has a black and tan dog that killed a thousand rats in a month. This is a good puff for the dog, but is hard on the hotel.

☞ A young woman in Geneva, Ill., received a gift of $100 from her mother for reading the Bible through in six days.

☞ "She don't know enough to boil water," is the latest estimate of the capacity for domestic duties of the girl of the period.

☞ The Golden Globe, of Colorado, has suspended on account of the disappearance of the editor. He was last seen standing under a tree, and some men were pulling on a rope.

☞ While a youthful couple were being joined in wedlock in a justice's court in New York, recently, the damsel rather astonished a number of spectators by suddenly breaking out with "I want to know whether we are to keep house or board before going into this thing?" The judge ruled the question out of order, and the ceremony proceeded.

☞ The Chicago Tribune estimates that getting born costs the people of the United States $220 095 000 annually; getting married, $250 000 000; getting buried, $73,839,450. Total, $543 984,450.

☞ In the Arctic regions, when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamieson asserts that he heard every word of a sermon at a distance of two miles. A mother has been distinctly heard talking to her child, on a still day, across water a mile wide.

☞ The Indianapolis News says: The common phrase "I thought I would kill myself laughing," became a sad reality with a man in Claremon recently. He was engaged in a conversation with his wife and laughing very heartily, when suddenly he said, "Stop, you make me laugh too much," and falling to the floor instantly expired.

☞ That was a sensible old chap in Delaware, who, dying the other day, said: "Don't write any poetry about me, and don't fool around about a monument."

☞ Among the pocket-handkerchiefs in the trousseau of the duchess of Edinburgh, there is one that was exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1867 in the Italian department. It was purchased last year in Italy for 12 000 francs by the Czarina, and is said to have cost the embroiderer seven of the best years of her life and her eyes into the bargain.

☞ The following described sinful little game was indulged in at Atlanta, Georgia: A party of young men dined sumptuously at a restaurant, and each one insisted on paying the bill. To decide the matter it was proposed to blindfold the waiter, and the first one he caught should pay the bill. He hasn't caught any of them yet.

☞ Bruceton, Kentucky, has furnished a remarkable negro girl. Her powers of memory are said to be truly wonderful. About two weeks ago her employer read an article from a paper, and twenty four hours after she repeated his reading word for word. She was then tested, and it was found that she could repeat thirty or forty lines from a book, after hearing it read once.

☞ Helen Crager, an attractive young school teacher, was kissed against her will by a conductor on the Chicago and Northwestern railroad. She caused him to be arrested on a charge of assault and battery, and he was fined and discharged from his position. She then went for the railroad company, and has just recovered $1,000 damages, the circuit court of Sauk county, Wis., ruling as a matter of law that the company was liable to the plaintiff for damage occasioned by the wrongful act of the conductor.

Animated Machinery.—Our bodies are like time-pieces. When they run down we must wind them up; otherwise they will stop forever. What key will best perform this work of renovation? Experience has shown that it can be accomplished more rapidly and certainly by a course of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS than by any other article under the sun. That searching yet harmless agent seems to reach every spring, and lever, and wheel, so to speak, of the living machine. The relaxed nerves are braced, the torpid liver is stirred, the weak stomach is strengthened, the disordered bowels are regulated, the lost appetite is restored, the clouded mind is brightened—in short the whole inert system is stimulated into healthy action. New life is put into every failing fibre, and physical regeneration ensues. This is the testimony of thousands. In every city, town and village of the Union, living proofs of its efficacy may be found.

WARRANTED.

Four to six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery are warranted to cure Salt Rheum or Tetter and the worst kind of Pimples on the face. Two to four bottles are warranted to clear the system of Boils, Carbuncles and Sores. Four to six bottles are warranted to cure the worst kind of Erysipelas and Blotches among the hair. Six to ten bottles are warranted to cure Running of the Ears and Corrupt or Running Ulcers. Eight to ten bottles are warranted to cure Scrofulous Sores and Swellings. Two to six bottles are warranted to cure Liver Complaint.

A WONDER TO HERSELF.

TARRYTOWN, Delaware Co., O., March 20, 1873.
To Dr. R. V. PIERCE:

Your Discovery needs only a fair trial and it will do all you recommend it to do and more too. When I was fifteen I caught cold and for twenty-eight years I have been a perfect wreck of disease, and all the medicines and doctors' bills have run up at times to two and three hundred dollars, and never any better but worse, when I give up all hope last spring of living the summer through. I received one of your Account Books and told my husband after reading it that it was too late to try further, but he said it was never too late. He went and bought two bottles and I found it was helping me very much. Since 1841 I was troubled with Catarrh and Sore Throat, and was almost entirely deaf in one ear and my voice was as dull as could be. There was constant pain in my head. Now my head is as sound as a dollar, my voice is clear, and I have used ten bottles of your Discovery. It has cured me of Catarrh, Sore Throat, Heart Disease, Spine Affection and Torpid Liver. My Liver was very bad. My skin was rough. When I put my hand on my body it was like fish scales. Now it is as smooth and soft as a child's. In conclusion I will say I have been well for three months. I am a wonder to myself and friends. This is but an imperfect statement, half has not been told.

Yours with respect, HESTER LACKEY.

Sufferers from Scrofula and Scrofulous affections, clean up! Why wear your Pimples, Blotches, Ulcers, Sores? Why have the life twisted out of you by Dyspepsia, Rheumatism and Gout? Why suffer Syphilitic and Mercurial diseases to rot the bones in your body, or the flesh off your bones? Why let your sluggish blood drag, and scatter its disimpers through your veins? AYER'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA cures these complaints, and cleanses them out of the system. Use it faithfully, and you bring to society a healthier, cleaner, and far more acceptable member.—*Democrat, Baltimore, Md.*

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES AND TAN ask your Druggist for PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION—which is harmless and in every case infallible; and also for his Improved COMPLEXION and PIMPLE REMEDY, the great Skin Medicine to cure Pimples, Black Heads or Flesh-worms, or consult B. C. PERRY, the noted Skin Doctor, 49 Bond Street, New York. ap18-13t

EAST INDIA HEMP is the only thing on record that positively cures **Consumption** and **Bronchitis.** We have many palliatives, but **CANNABIS INDICA** is the only permanent cure, and will break up a fresh cold in 24 hours. One bottle will satisfy the most skeptical. Price, $1.50. Sold everywhere. Send stamp for certificate of cures to CRADDOCK & Co., 1032 Race street, Philadelphia, naming Saturday Evening Post. fe7-13t

Tapeworm! Tapeworm!
Removed alive, with head complete, in from two to three hours. No fee till removed, by Dr. KUNZEL, No. 259 N. Ninth street, Philadelphia. Seat, Pin and Stomach Worms also removed. oc25-52t

DR. RADWAY'S
Sarsaparillian Resolvent,
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.
FOR THE CURE OF ALL
CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS,
CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS,
KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER
COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA,
AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT
PURIFIES THE BLOOD,
RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR;
CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION
SECURED TO ALL.
Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S
PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.
Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.
Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists,
DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., New York
oc18-tf

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1874.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

Single copy, $3.00 a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is twenty cents a year, and payable at the office where the paper is received. Every yearly subscriber will be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, or to one of our large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings—"The Sisters."

One copy of THE POST ($3.00) and one of T. S. ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE ($2.50) will be sent for $4.50. Each publication will send one of its Premium pictures, at the choice of the subscriber, the same as if each was separately subscribed for.

☞ Ten cents must always be remitted to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo or engraving. Or 25 cents, if the Chromo is desired mounted on cardboard. We strongly advise having the Chromo mounted—it greatly increases its value.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to the order of the Saturday Post Publishing Company.*

BE CAREFUL IN OPENING THE WRAPPERS OF THE CHROMO OR ENGRAVINGS. Our subscribers are enjoined to be very careful in opening the wrappers of the Chromo or Engravings when they are received lest they should injure them.

Address
SATURDAY EVENING POST,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

IN MEMORIAM.

CLYMENA.

"I will be with you again at Easter," she said to her friends of the choir and the Sunday-school, bidding adieu at Christmas to return to her distant home. The removal of the family from G———, and from the church in which her heart was bound up, had been the trial of her life.

She *was* with us at Easter. In the season of vernal rejoicing she came, and room was made for her among the festive garlands and abundant flowers her taste had always delighted in arranging. The feeling of her presence, of her love, filled the church as never before, though all that was visible of the blooming, spirited and lovely girl who had been the life of her social circle, was the marble form and pallid face in that flower-wreathed coffin. As little as the young ever do, had she dreamed of this in the joyous anticipation of her spring visit; but when the swift messenger claimed her, and the end of earth drew nigh, it was her dying wish to be brought here for burial—that in the old familiar place of weekly re-union, the friends she loved might gather around her for a last farewell, their grief hallowed with the consecration of prayer and praise.

It was a beautiful thought, and if the gentle spirit that had so yearned to rejoin us within the walls of the church, where so often it had found blissful rest, and plumed its wings as in heavenly air,—if the freed spirit were really present, it must have felt the perfect fulfilment of its last desire. Low and sweet, subdued to the mourning hearts it soothed, the solemn organ music filled the church, breathing peace and resignation. Precious words of comfort from the scriptures of truth, only understood when sorely needed, sacred promises, unheeded in hours of joy, but which the very soul thirsts and hungers for in affliction, fall from the lips of the beloved pastor. Tremulous with sympathy are the voices, deep and rich with feeling the singing of the choir, and sweeter than ever before sounds the sweetest of hymns:

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me!"

In that very spot she used to stand—her place was always among the singers; there her living face shone, her lips moved to the words of that very hymn—how is it possible that she has vanished forever from among us—that the places which have known her shall know her nevermore? Old recollections sweep back like a flood, overwhelming the present. But it will not be denied. There it is, a dread reality—awful, inexplicable, the mystery of death. It breaks up the fountains of the heart, and almost the sobs and moans of uncontrollable emotion escape to mar the hushed repose. Oh, Clymena! Clymena! We took sweet counsel together and walked to the house of God in company. Can it be over forever? Can it be that the still cold clay lying there insensate is all of thee that we shall see in this world?

Again the pastor, whose ministrations were so dear to the departed, speaks in his own peculiar earnest way; and now it is of her last days that he tells us, of the calmness and sweet serenity with which she waited for the messenger, whose sure coming was known for weeks before. "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live!" rang through the chambers of her soul, but woke no terror there. To pass away from earth was all it meant for her;—to enter, renewed and glorified, another of the many mansions provided by the Father's love. The life she had been living was one and the same with that beyond the portal. The same steadfast faith and buoyant hope and conquering love that filled out the measure of her days on earth with daily duties done, now lead her sure steps onward in the heavenly progression. The weapons of her earthly warfare, perfected by trial, are ready for the higher uses the Master may appoint. Only the hindrances are dropped—the burden of toil, the distraction of pain, the clog of that forsaken shell the exultant soul has left, lying there among the flowers.

How she loved the flowers! They seemed to her so expressive of warm affection, so richly significant of treasured thoughts and cherished feelings, that no trouble seemed to her too much to procure and send them as friendly tokens, bearing her heart's salute in their fragrant tender leaves. From the simple blossoms of the wild wood to the splendid spoils of the tropics gathered in rare conservatories, each and all were dear to her for the spirit breathing in their beauty.

Very fitting is it then that this lavish wealth of flowers should cover with bloom and sweetness, the mortal part of her who longed to be thus brought and reverently laid in our midst. Very fitting too that our pastor's words of affectionate commemoration—his "well done, good and faithful servant," should float down to her dead face over the saintly glory of white lilies set between. Though the ears of clay hear not, the closed eyes see not, who knows how near the risen soul may hover, or how quick and keen its perception of these loving words and gifts? Showered in beautiful profusion the pure white blossoms are a shining veil. Their radiance transfigures death. Lovely emblems of the resurrection, the spirit that is in them helps to lift our spirits out of the dreary grave, and make plain and easy of belief the precious assurance of immortality.

The service is over. The coffin, covered with thick-strewn floral offerings, is borne down the aisle, and Clymena's last earthly wish is fulfilled. S. P.

MY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

What are you good for, my brave little man?
Answer that question for me if you can—
You, with your fingers as white as a nun,
You, with your ringlets as bright as the sun,
All the day long with your busy contriving,
Into all mischief and fun you are driving;
See if your wise little noddle can tell
What you are good for—now ponder it well.

Over the carpet the dear little feet
Came with a patter to climb on my seat;
Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee,
Under their lashes looked up unto me;
Two little hands pressing soft on my face,
Drew me down close in a loving embrace;
Two rosy lips gave the answer so true—
"Good to love you, mamma; good to love you!"

THE LAW OF ACCUMULATION.

Everybody knows that money makes money, but it is not everybody that pays attention to the modus operandi by which this is brought about, and the practical consequences which follow.

Schoolboys are taught the rule of compound interest, but nine out of ten of them forget all about it for the remainder of their lives. Yet this principle has more to do with the accumulation of large fortunes than any other cause whatever; and it has bearings on the increase of wealth and on the ratio and style of expenditure, both personal and national, of which the practical character cannot be overrated.

We read in a paper a few months ago of the death of an eminent London capitalist, who left the enormous fortune of three millions sterling. This old gentleman was over ninety years of age at the time of his death, and it is pretty evident that he was a man of quiet habits and moderate expenditure, letting his capital accumulate from year to year by its own natural force. Now, it is only when it has been in operation for a long series of consecutive years that we see what the force of compound interest is. For the first few years the augmentation is almost imperceptible, but when once the power of increase has been developed, it goes on at an augmenting ratio, until the results are almost incredible. There can be no doubt that in the case just mentioned, the wealth accumulated after the natural duration of life had been reached, was far more than all the seventy years previous.

If money can be invested at eight per cent., and the interest reinvested at the same rate, it will double itself in five years. Allow ten years for this to take place, owing to loss of time in reinvesting, and we reach the remarkable conclusion—remarkable, we mean, to those who have not thought about it—that if a man can lay by a thousand dollars at one and twenty, and let it accumulate at compound interest, it will amount to the enormous sum of thirty thousand dollars, if he lives to the age of seventy, to sixty thousand at eighty, and to a hundred and twenty thousand at ninety. This is the secret of the large fortunes of the great bankers and capitalists of Europe, whose money goes on accumulating from generation to generation, and augments with prodigious rapidity after thirty or fifty years have passed on.

The process, however, may be reversed. A man wastes or spends a thousand dollars needlessly by the time he is one or two and twenty. What is the effect? If he lives till he is seventy, he will be thirty thousand dollars poorer for it; or, we will say, he will have lost the chance of being thirty thousand dollars better off than he is.

We then arrive at the general truth, that the younger a man is the more valuable money is to him. We have seen what a thousand dollars is to a man of twenty-one, viz.: the making of a fortune; but a thousand dollars to a man of fifty would be of comparatively small account.

Suppose a man begins life with economical habits, and by rigid self-denial accumulates two thousand dollars by the time he is twenty-five. That sum will amount to a competency by the time he desires to be free from the cares of business, and he can then, and indeed for years before have the pleasure of laying out his money freely and without fear, in gratifying his tastes or in doing good.

But if he is inclined to gratify his tastes when young, to buy, we will say, expensive furniture, or to mingle freely in society, so that he never saves at all until he is five-and-forty, what good will two thousand dollars do him then? It is, of course, good in itself, but as the foundation of a competency it is utterly inadequate. It would only amount to eight thousand dollars at sixty-five, and not to a competency till long after three score and ten.

The points of the whole matter are therefore this. Every dollar saved in youth is thirty dollars in old age; every hundred dollars spent in foolery or finery before five and twenty is simply three thousand dollars thrown away of provision for the time when work must be a burden.

Let our young men in business think of this. They are exposed, on entering life, to innumerable temptations to spend. Let such be steadily resisted. The course in youth is quick saving and careful economy. By and by a time will come when this will bear its legitimate fruits. Then is the time for open-handed freedom in expenditure, when the judgment is matured, when the knowledge of the world is acquired, and when capital has been accumulated to such an extent that even if there is no more saving, there need be no further anxiety.

The Child's Own Special Prayer.

There is one little formula which all mothers teach their children, and which is so exquisite in its simplicity, so tender in its trustfulness, and so true to our wants, that the older children never grow tired of it. When our heads are gray, and our eyes are closing for the last time on earth and its cares, we will say, if we can:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

And then when we waken we shall be satisfied.

It is said of John Quincy Adams that he never went to bed without repeating this little prayer, the first taught him by his mother in his early childhood.

Courtship.

In courtship, the men are supposed to be in the active, and the women in the passive voice. Exceptions are recognized as occasionally taking place; but the world notes not a vast multitude of cases in which the lady, though not apparently, is the actual originator of affairs which end in matrimony. By means which trench not in the least on delicacy—by a mere manner, susceptible on challenge of a different interpretation—she can dispose the soft heart of man to the reception of an interest in her, which he will believe to be of his own originating. It is strange how literature has almost overlooked this fact in our social life, considering that it affords such excellent opportunities for nice delineation of feeling.

FREE PLATFORM.

["PROHIBITION," this week, begs leave to put in the following article by Horace Greeley on the affirmative side of the question. "NO FANATIC" will have a right to reply next week, or to put in any article that he wishes to.]

ALCOHOLIC LIQUORS.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

ALCOHOL DEFINED.

Alcohol is a peculiar combination of Hydrogen, Oxygen, and Carbon. It is a compound unknown to Nature, but evolved by art from certain vegetable substances in a peculiar stage of dissolution. The first step toward producing Alcohol is the *death* of the Grain or Fruit destined to yield it. When the life of any organic substance is destroyed, that substance tends by a law of the universe to decay and dissolution. More accurately, with the cessation of organic life, the laws of vitality, by which the peculiar assimilation of elements forming the Grape, the Apple, the berry of Wheat or Rye, was created and sustained, now lose their power over this matter, and the opposite laws of chemical affinity take effect upon it, causing its several constituents to enter into new combinations with each other and with other substances wherewith they are brought into contact by the action of air, water, and otherwise. Thus the Sugar, which, in the form of Starch or Gluten, forms one of the bases of certain Grains and Fruits, is dissolved in an early stage of the process of decay, and, combining with other substances, ferments, or effervesces, and enters upon the stage known as that of *Vinous Fermentation*. In this stage, Alcohol is produced; a fiery, volatile, nearly transparent liquid, which, imbibed by itself, is a most undoubted and deadly poison to mankind, as well as to nearly or quite every animal constitution. Had Alcohol been originally and uniformly produced and imbibed independently of other fluids, there can be no question that it would have been recognized and shunned as a bane deadly as any other vegetable poison.

ALCOHOL DILUTED—HISTORY.

But Alcohol does not naturally manifest itself independently of other substances. The water which forms so large a proportion of the Grape, the Apple, the Peach, the Potato, and which must be commingled with the Grains in order to produce the Vinous Fermentation, remains combined with the Alcohol after the fermentation has produced it. Some small portions also of the other constituents of the original organic substance are held in solution or chemical combination by their affinities with the Water, or Alcohol, or both united. Indeed, it was not till the tenth century that Alcohol was separated and recognized as a distinct substance by an Arabian chemist. Fermentation had been very generally practised, more or less rudely, from a very early age, and Alcoholic beverages of course produced; whence Intoxication just as naturally followed; how or why seems to have been scarcely considered. But the Arabian's discovery induced or blended with the art of Distillation. Thenceforward, Alcoholic Spirits, more or less pure, began to find a place in the bottles of the apothecary, and, in minute quantities, among the physician's prescriptions. It was not till the sixteenth century, however, that Distilled Liquors began to be commonly used as a beverage or stimulant by persons in health.

DISTILLATION—FERMENTATION.

Distillation is a more potent process, superinduced on Fermentation, rendering its liquid product more fiery, acrid, and stimulating. In other words, it is the art of reducing the proportion of Water, etc., and increasing that of Alcohol in a given quantity of the stimulating fluid. Of the earlier stimulants, Ale and Porter contain but one-twenty-fifth of Alcohol, and Palm Wine one-twentieth; Cider, Perry, Elder, and some of the milder Grape Wines, about one-tenth. [It can hardly be necessary here to remark that none of these contain Alcohol or any principle of Intoxication until they have fermented or "*worked*," as the cider-makers say, and that many, if not most, of the ancient Wines were drank unfermented. That these were known to the Hebrews by a different word from that used to designate Alcoholic or Fermented Wines has been fully shown by recent critical investigations, and the seeming contradiction between those passages of Scripture which mention approvingly and those which severely condemn Wine, is thus shown to be no contradiction at all. In the one case, a mild, harmless, palatable beverage, "which cheereth God and man;" in the other, a raging "mocker," a heating, corrupting, infuriating poison, was indicated. Those who have any doubt on this subject may dissipate it by consulting "Alcohol—its Nature and Effects," Dr. Lee's "Text-Book of Temperance," E. C. Delavan's essays, and other elaborate treatises in exposition and defense of Total Abstinence.]

BEER OR WHISKY—WINE OR BRANDY.

The difference between Fermented and Distilled Liquors is one purely of degree. Alcohol, the intoxicating and poisonous quality, is precisely the same in the two, but there is *more of it* in an equal quantity of the Distilled Spirit. While the different kinds of Beer contain from one-twenty-fifth up to one-fourteenth of Alcohol, and the Fermented Grape Wines from one-tenth to one-fourth, the Distilled Liquors known as Brandy, Rum, Gin, etc., are generally a little more than half Alcohol. Sometimes, they are reduced far below this standard by the introduction of Water to increase the seller's profits; but this is very unlikely to diminish their poisonous properties, because the diminution of "strength," improperly so called, must be disguised by the infusion of drugs, often as poisonous as Alcohol, and sometimes more concentrated. Whisky, for example, generally commands from $1 to $1 25 (duty paid) per gallon at wholesale in this city; yet it is known that what passes for Whisky (and often for Gin, Brandy, and Rum as well) in the lowest haunts of dissipation among us, is so concocted and "doctored" as to cost its manufacturers but a fraction of this sum. The vile and baleful ingredients employed to conceal the infusion of so much water as will reduce the cost per gallon to this standard are such as, if fully exposed, would utterly shock credibility.

STIMULATION—HOW ORIGINATED.

The first production of Alcoholic Liquids was doubtless accidental—caused by the spontaneous fermentation of Grape-juice, Milk, or Grain, under peculiar circumstances, finally evolving a fiery, transparent fluid. Ten thousand times this phenomenon may have occurred unnoted, before some stern necessity of thirst, faintness, and destitution, induced some one to imbibe cautiously of the product, in spite of the reluctance and revolt of the senses. The effect was immediate and palpable—elasticity, energy, courage, invigoration—the first pair and the apple over again. The depression, prostration, and pain, came afterward, and could be forgotten or referred to some other cause. If the first bold experimenter in Alcohol did not choose to repeat the dose, the second, the fifth, or the tenth, was doubtless less wise. It crept gradually into use—first, as a medicine or wonderful elixir, capable of curing almost any disease; and very soon repaid the confidence reposed in it by creating many new disorders and aggravating those previously known. While it may have been medically employed in some cases with effect, it has unquestionably created a thousand pains where it ever removed one, and caused more deaths than all the medicines on earth have postponed or prevented.

NATURE AND PROCESS OF STIMULATION.

Throw a fierce bloodhound into the cage of a young leopard or tiger, and, although neither ever before saw an animal of the other's species, each instantly, instinctively, recognizes the presence of a deadly foe. Each summons every energy for the imminent and deadly encounter, places himself in his best attitude, rallies all his strength, quickens his circulation—"bristles up," as we say. He is more strongly nerved, resolute, formidable, now than he was a minute since, precisely *because* he feels himself confronted by an implacable enemy, before whom to quail is immediate death.

So with the use of Alcohol. A man swallows a glass of Alcoholic Spirits—his first. At once, his whole vital economy recognizes the presence of an unnatural intruder—a deadly enemy. The stomach, disturbed in all its functions, says, "You must not stop here—I cannot digest you"—and throws it off upon the liver, which repels it as peremptorily, and thrusts it toward the heart, which with like emphasis repels it. It is thus hurried from one to another of the vital organs, and repulsed by them all; but the necessity for disposing of it is pressingly imperative, and it is expelled in one way or another—partly through the kidneys, partly through the lungs, and partly through the pores of the skin. Unless the outrage be repeated, a short time sees the enemy banished; but only through an extraordinary exertion, an unnatural activity of all the vital forces. The pulse bounds, the blood gallops, the heart quickens its movements, and even the endangered brain is goaded to unwonted exertion. Of all these exhausting efforts, the mind perceives only the impulse, the exhilaration. The happy neophyte almost walks on air—he feels richer, more generous, and of more consequence, than hitherto—he has a great mind to give somebody a fortune. (The illusive exhalation produced by opium and some other poisons is known to be even more intellectual and ethereal than that produced by Alcoholic Liquors.) But all this elevation of spirits is not really *created* by the stimulus—it is simply so much vivacity and elation of spirits borrowed at ruinous usury, and of which payment is sure to be demanded to-morrow. To-morrow comes, and the demand with it; but the debauched consciousness fails to attribute the intolerable exhaustion and depression to its real cause. "When the liquor was present and potent," it perversely reasons, "all was better than usual; but, now that it is gone, I feel horribly." "Take more," chimes in a depraved appetite, and the counsel is deferred to. More is taken, and momentary relief thereby secured, by means which necessitate a still more abject prostration on the morrow, which will require a still stronger potion to overcome it. And thus the blind victim goes on, cherishing the adder which daily stings him, and fancying he is revived and upheld by that which is constantly depressing and destroying him.

TEMPERATE DRINKERS.

But it is said that very many drink moderately and guardedly through a long course of years, preserving to old age a sound constitution and vigorous intellect, which could not be the case if the natural effects of Alcoholic Drinks were such as has been depicted.

Now, that some men live long in spite of moderate drinking no more proves that practice safe and healthful than the fact that some soldiers who fought through all Napoleon's wars are still alive proves fighting a vocation conducive to longevity. That some persist in drinking without drinking immoderately is true; but the natural *tendency* of drinking at all is nevertheless from less to more, and from more to indisputable excess. There are many vices of which the natural, obvious penalty is not inflicted on every one who commits them, yet no man doubts the connection between the sin and the punishment. Some men steal so moderately and slyly that they are never detected by man; yet no one doubts that stealing is a crime, and that every crime meets its proper punishment. That some men drink liquors yet do not die drunkards is true, as it also is that some habitual drunkards live to old age; yet it is none the less true that drinking leads to drunkenness, and drunkenness shortens life. The laws of the universe are vindicated alike by their usual consequences and the apparent exceptions. There may be men who began to drink one glass of liquor per day forty years ago, and whom one glass per day still suffices; but if so they are exceptions to a law almost universally vindicated; and it is safe to assume of them that a less amount of self-denial than was requisite to keep their allowance down to one glass per day would have preserved them from drinking at all. And if any moderate drinker of forty years' standing will recall to mind the subsequent career of the fifteen or twenty associates in whose company he began to drink, he will, if well informed and candid, admit that seven-eighths of them are now dead, and that fully three-fourths, whether now living or dead, have been seriously injured by drinking.

TEMPERANCE—ALCOHOL.

If what has been said of the nature and essential properties of Alcoholic Liquors be correct, there can be no such thing as a *temperate* or moderate use of them as beverages. No man in the enjoyment of health and vigor can need such beverages, nor innocently imbibe them, whether in large or small quantities. The whole controversy properly hinges on this question: "Is Alcohol naturally a poison to the human constitution?" If the proper answer be Yes, then it can never be innocently and safely imbibed, except where it is medically prescribed as an antidote to some still more dangerous and deadly evil which it is calculated to dislodge. If Alcohol be naturally a poison to man, then there can be no more temperate and innocent use of it as a beverage than temperate forgery, adultery, or murder. Is Alcohol, then, essentially a poison? I have already expressed my own conviction, which is that of the advocates of Total Abstinence generally. I can not quote one in a hundred; but I affirm that no candid, intelligent adversary will deny that the great mass of the scientific and able writers who have investigated and treated of the subject concur substantially in the views here presented.

DR. BEAUMONT'S OBSERVATIONS.

Dr. Wm. Beaumont, surgeon in the U. S. army, was stationed at Mackinac, Lake Huron, in 1822, when Alexis St. Martin, a robust French Canadian eighteen years of age, was severely wounded in his side by the accidental discharge of a musket within a yard of him, whereby part of a rib and a large portion of his side were blown off, lacerating one of his lungs and perforating his stomach. His life was nevertheless saved, and the wound was healed but not closed; the stomach finally forming a fold or overlap, which prevented any exudation of its contents through that orifice, but did not forbid the introduction or withdrawal of nutritive substance by way of it; nor did such operation occasion any pain. The whole process of digestion was thence observed and experimented upon by Dr. Beaumont, just as you may observe the working of bees in a glass hive. Dr. Beaumont's book is purely scientific; it has no theory to establish, no party or school to subserve; it simply details his experiments and observations and draws the obvious deductions therefrom. St. Martin frequently drank Alcoholic Liquors, though not what is called intemperately; and this is Dr. Beaumont's statement of the consequences of such drinking observed by him:

"The mucous membrane of the stomach was covered with inflammatory and ulcerous patches; the secretions were vitiated, and the gastric juice diminished in quantity, and of an unnatural viscidity; yet he described himself as perfectly well, and complained of nothing. Two days subsequent to this, the inner membrane of the stomach was unusually morbid, the inflammatory appearance more extensive, the spots more livid than usual: from the surface some of them exuded small drops of grumous blood; the ulcerous patches were larger and more numerous; the mucous covering thicker than usual, and the gastric secretions much more vitiated. The gastric fluids extracted were mixed with a large proportion of thick, ropy mucus, and a considerable muco-purulent discharge, slightly tinged with blood, resembling discharges from the bowels in some case of dysentery. Yet, notwithstanding this diseased appearance of the stomach, no very essential aberration of its functions was manifested. St. Martin complained of no symptoms indicating any general derangement of the system, except an uneasy sensation and tenderness at the pit of the stomach, and some vertigo, with dimness and yellowness of vision on stooping down and rising up again."

Dr. Beaumont further remarks that

"The free use of Ardent Spirits, Wine, Beer, or any other intoxicating liquor, when continued for some days, has *invariably* produced these changes."

"The use of Ardent Spirits *always* produces disease of the stomach, if persevered in," etc., etc.

Is there on the face of the earth any tangible evidence in conflict with this testimony? I know of none.

A PARTING WORD TO THE YOUNG.

If the propositions affirmed in this essay be true, how *can* any youth read them and yet become or continue a drinker of Alcoholic Liquors? Banish, if you can, all thought of God and His judgments—forget or deny your immortality—deride the idea of restricting or qualifying your own gratification for the sake of kindred, friends, country, or race—regard yourself merely as an animal that has happened here to sport a brief summer, then utterly perish—and still is it not a palpable *mistake* to drink anything that intoxicates? Why *should* it intoxicate, if it be not essentially a poison? Is there any other substance claimed to be innocent and wholesome in moderate quantities which drowns the reason if the amount taken be increased? Why seek enjoyment in such a perilous and dubious way—a path paved with the bones of millions after millions who have fallen in pursuing it—when innocent and healthful pleasures everywhere surround and invite you? Lived there ever a human being who regretted at death that he had through life refrained from the use of stimulating drink? and how countless the millions who have with reason deplored such use as the primary, fatal mistake of their lives! Surely, from the radiant heavens above us, the dust once quickened beneath us, comes to the attentive ear a voice which impressively admonishes, BE WISE WHILE IT IS CALLED TO DAY.

Hereditary Character.

The gross lines are legible to the dull; the cabman is a phrenologist so far—he looks in your face to see if his shilling is sure. A dome of brow denotes one thing, a pot-belly another; a squint, a pug-nose, mats of hair, the pigment of the epidermis, betray character. People seem sheathed in their tough organization. Ask Spurzheim, ask the doctors, ask Ducteiet if temperaments decide nothing, or if there be anything they do not decide? Read the description in medical books of the four temperaments, and you will think you are reading your own thoughts which you had not yet told. Find the part which black eyes and blue eyes play severally in the company. How shall a man escape from his ancestors, or draw off from his veins the black drop which he drew from his father's or mother's life? It often appears in a family as if all the qualities of the progenitors were potted in several jars—some ruling quality in each son or daughter of the house—and sometimes the unmixed temperament, the rank, unmitigated elixir, the family vice, is drawn off into a separate individual, and the others are proportionately relieved. We sometimes see a change of expression in our companion, and say his father or his mother comes to the windows of his eyes, and sometimes a remote relative. In different hours a man represents each of several of his ancestors, as if there were seven or eight of us rolled up in each man's skin—seven or eight ancestors at least—and they constitute the variety of notes for that new piece of music which his life is. At the corner of the street you read the possibility of each passenger in the facial angle, in the complexion, in the depth of his eye. His parentage determines it.—*Emerson.*

Mural Tablet.

A tablet has been placed in the eastern wall of the building at Sixth and Chestnut streets, now used by the Highway Department as their office. It is apparently of slate, and has inscribed on it in gilt letters the following:—

"In this Building
Sat
The First Senate
and
The First House of Representatives
of the
United States
of America.
Herein
George Washington
was inaugurated President,
March 4th, 1789,
and closed his career when
John Adams
was inaugurated the Second President
of the United States,
March 4th, 1797."

WIT AND HUMOR.

A BADLY SOLD HUNTER.

A well-known singer and sporting gentleman in Philadelphia, a favorite with the Germans, is the possessor of a very fine cane gun, and is very proud of his marksmanship therewith. One day he was out in the neighborhood of Fairmount Park shooting birds and whatever light game came in his way, when a rough-looking farmer sauntered up to where he was standing, and began to eye his curious gun, having probably never seen one before.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked the owner.

"Think on it! Wal, it's a curious kind of a gun, any how. Putty good at shooting?" he asked, approaching still nearer.

"First-rate; nothing better."

"Don't look so," mused the swain.

"Oh, you can't always tell by the look of a cat how good she is at catching mice."

"Don't believe you can hit my hat at forty yards."

"Do you wish to try it?" asked the sport, thinking he would have a little fun with the countryman.

"I'll bet you can't hit my hat if I hang it on yonder tree," said he, pointing to a tree two or three rods away.

"What will you bet?"

"I'll bet you five dollars," said the countryman.

"Done. Put up your money."

"I'm your man, an' here's my money," said he, promptly producing a five-dollar bill and handing it to me to cover the one my friend had just placed in my hands.

"All right; now go and hang up your hat."

"I'll do it," said he, starting for the tree. "Mind, now, I'm to hang it on the tree."

"Yes, yes, we understand," was the impatient reply, for my friend not only wished to win the wager, but to unfit that hat for further use.

But just imagine our surprise when the countryman took off his hat and hung it on the back side of the tree, out of sight.

"What are you doing?"

"Blaze away."

"But I can't see the hat."

"I don't care. I didn't say nothing 'bout you seein' it. I agreed to hang it on this tree. Now fire away, an' if you can hit it the money is your'n."

"Sold by a durned countryman!" exclaimed my friend, turning away in disgust, while I handed over the lost wager.

It is needless to say that his acquaintances had many a good laugh at his expense after that.

KANSAS CITY'S COLORED LAWYER.

The bar of Kansas City is accused of jealousy of "Judge" Crowder, colored. He appeared for the defence in a case in the Criminal Court of Kansas City, and this is the way he was treated:—

"Who are you, sir?" said Judge Ewing.

"Me, sah? Ise Judge Crowder, de former Justice ob de Peace ob Winedot. I pears for de feudant in dis case, I would mobe de court to tinyu dis moot for de next term ob dis court, case Ise not had exclusive meditation ob de status as it fers to my klint; secondly, Ise not deferently satisfied in my own conshence wedder my klint is menable in de cognizants ob de ordinances as plied to stealin' lard, wich am a question I 'pose to arguly on wen de case stans on trial. Yer honor will cede de pint made in duction ob dis yer case ob Fritzes, and gib me more time to ramine de thorities on de subjec."

"Are you duly authorized to practice before this court, sir?"

"Judge, I tell ye jes how tis. Ise ban a judge like yerself, and I fully preciates de dignity ob de sition. Ise ben practisin in de cort ob my steamed fren, Judge Porter, de 'corder, and hab de honor ob makin many pints fore dat spectable cort."

"I am sorry," replied Judge Ewing, remorselessly, "but I cannot permit you to plead in this court until you have been duly admitted to the bar."

"But, yer Honor, I peels de decision ob de cort. Ise posted on de thorities in dis yer case, and I mands justice for de black man as de white. I gibs notis dat dis case is peeled."

"You can do as you please, Mr. Crowder. Judge Sawyer is in the city, you can appeal to him."

Judge Sawyer appointed a committee of examination, in whose hands the candidate remained at last advices.—*Exchange Paper.*

A TRUSTFUL FAMILY CIRCLE.

We hear a good story of a man who went to the frontier to see a friend. The family consisted of the husband and his two grown sons. The good old lady was the only one of the family who did not take some of the "Oh, be joyful." Sitting by the fire a few minutes, the old man tipped him a wink, and the visitor followed him out. Stopping by a tree, he took out a long-necked bottle, remarking:—

"I have to keep it hid, for the boys may get to drinking, and the old woman would raise the deuce."

Soon Tom, the elder son, asked the visitor out to see the colt, and, taking him behind the barn, pulled out a flask, remarking:—

"I have to keep this hid, for the old man will get drunk, and the deuce is to pay," and they both took a drink and returned.

Soon Bob stepped on the visitor's toe and walked off, the visitor following. As they reached the pig-pen, Bob drew out a good-sized bottle, remarking:—

"You know the old man and Tom will get drunk, and I have to hide this."

The visitor concluded he could not drink confidentially with the whole family, and started for home.

TWO INSCRIPTIONS.

The Northern Border says that a graveyard near Bangor has a monument with the following inscriptions, the first verse of which was written by the wife before her death, and the second by the husband after he had married again:—

"Weep not for me, my dearest dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here;
Repent, my love, before you die,
For you must come and sleep with I."

"I will not weep, my dearest life,
For I have got another wife;
I cannot come and sleep with thee,
For I must go and sleep with she."

A CHANGE OF BASE.

An exchange says:—A prospective son-in-law while relating "the old, old story" to his charmer at the old folks' home, last evening, sat down on a bent pin, which had been placed in position by the prospective brother-in-law. He sprang about three feet in the air, and while coming down was heard to whisper softly, "I think it is cooler near the window, love." His smile was sweet, but sad.

CUSTOMER.—"I say, tailor, these pants don't fit."

TAILOR.—"They don't, eh?"

CUSTOMER.—"No; my wife wants to know why you can't make them fit like Jones's. Make me a pair now as neat as his."

TAILOR.—"Well, then give me Jones's legs."

THE FLOWERS OF NIGHT.

BY SAMUEL LEVER.

There is an Indian tree, they say,
Where timid flower avoids the light,
Concealing there from tell-tale day
The beauties it unfolds at night.
So many a thought may hidden lie,
So digha unbreathed by day may be,
Which, freely, 'neath the starry sky,
In secret faith I give to thee—
The love that strays
Through pleasure's ways,
Is like the flowers that love the light;
But love that's deep,
And faith will keep,
Is like the flower that blooms at night.

Then do not blame my careless token
Amid this word of makers gay,
I would not let my heart be seen—
I wear a mask as well as they.
Ah, who would wish the gay should smile
At passion too refined for them?
And therefore I with blameless guile
Conceal within my heart the gem—
The love that strays
Through pleasure's ways,
Is like the flowers that love the light;
But love that's deep,
And faith will keep,
Is like the flower that blooms at night.

EAST LYNNE;

OR,

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ALONE FOR EVERMORE.

A surprise awaited Lady Isabel Vane. It was on a windy day in the following March that a traveller arrived at Grenoble, and inquired his way of a porter, to the best hotel in the place, his French being such as only an Englishman can produce.

"Hotel? Let's see," returned the man, politely, but with native indifference, "there are two hotels, nearly contiguous to each other, and monsieur would find himself comfortable at either. There is the Trois Dauphins, and there is the Ambassadeurs."

"Monsieur" chose, haphazard, the Hotel des Ambassadeurs, and was conducted to it. Shortly after his arrival there, he inquired his road to the Place Grenette, and was offered to be shown, but he preferred that it should be described to him, and to go alone. The Place was found, and he thence turned to the apartments of Lady Isabel Vane.

Lady Isabel was sitting where you saw her the previous December—in the precise spot—courting the warmth of the fire, and, it seemed, courting the sparks also, for they appeared as fond of her as formerly. The marvel was, how she had escaped accidental combustion; but there she was yet, and her clothes likewise. You might think but a night had passed, when you looked at the room, for it wore precisely the same aspect now as then; everything was the same, even to the child's cradle in the remote corner, partially hidden by the bed-curtains, and the sleeping child in it. Lady Isabel's progress toward recovery was remarkably lingering, as is frequently the case when mind and body are both diseased. She was so sitting when Susanne entered the room, and said that a "Monsieur Anglais" had arrived in the town to see her, and was waiting below, in the saloon.

Lady Isabel was startled. An English gentleman—to see her!

English for certain, was Susanne's answer, for she had difficulty to comprehend his French.

Who could be desirous to see her? one out of the world and forgotten! "Susanne," she cried aloud, a thought striking her, "it is never Sir Fran—it is not monsieur!"

"Not in the least like monsieur," complacently answered Susanne. "It was a tall, brave English gentleman, proud and noble, looking like a prince."

Every pulse within Lady Isabel's body throbbed rebelliously: her heart bounded till it was like to burst her side, and she turned sick with excitement.

"Tall, brave, noble!" could that description apply to any but Mr. Carlyle! Strange that so unnatural an idea should have occurred to her; it could not have done so in a calmer moment. She rose, tottered across the chamber, and prepared to descend. Susanne's tongue was let loose at the proceeding.

Was miladi out of her senses? To attempt going down-stairs would be a pretty ending, for she'd surely fall by the way. Miladi knew that the bottom step was of lead, and that no head could pitch down upon that, without never being a head any more, except in the hospitals. Let miladi sit still in her place, and she'd bring the monsieur up. What did it signify? He was not a young petit maitre, to quiz things; he was fifty, if he was a day; his hair already turned to a fine gray.

This set the question, touching Mr. Carlyle, at rest, and her heart stilled again. The next moment she was inwardly laughing in her bitter mockery at her insensate folly. Mr. Carlyle come to see her! Her! Francis Levison might be sending over some man of business, regarding the money question, was her next thought; if so, she should certainly refuse to see him.

"Go down to the gentleman and ask him his name, Susanne. Ask also from whence he comes."

Susanne disappeared, and returned, and the gentleman behind her. Whether she had invited him, or whether he had chosen to come uninvited, there he was. Lady Isabel caught a glimpse, and flung her hands over her burning cheeks of shame. It was Lord Mount Severn.

"How did you find out where I was?" she gasped, when some painful words had been uttered on both sides.

"I went to Sir Francis Levison and demanded your address. Certain recent events implied that he and you must have parted, and I therefore deemed it time to inquire what he had done with you."

"Since last July," she interrupted, lifting up her wan face, now colorless again. "Do not think worse of me than I am. He was here in December for an hour's recriminating interview, and we then parted for life."

"What have you heard of him lately?"

"Not anything. I never know what is passing in the world at home; I have no newspaper, no correspondence; and he would scarcely be so bold as to write to me again."

"I shall not shock you, then, by some tidings I bring you regarding him," returned Lord Mount Severn.

"The greatest shock to me would be to hear that I should ever again be subjected to the sight of him," she answered.

"He is married."

"Heaven have pity on his poor wife!" was all the comment of Lady Isabel.

"He has married Alice Challoner."

She lifted her head then, in simple surprise. "Alice? Not Blanche?"

"The story runs that he has played Blanche very false. That he has been with her much, the last three or four months, leading on her expectations; and then suddenly proposed for her young sister. I know nothing of the details myself; it is not likely; and I heard nothing until one evening at the club I saw the announcement of the marriage for the following day at St. George's. I was at the church the next morning before he was."

"Not to stop it! not to intercept the marriage!" breathlessly uttered Lady Isabel.

"Certainly not. I had no power to attempt anything of the sort. I went to demand an answer to my question—what he had done with you, and where you were? He gave me this address, but said he knew nothing of your movements since December."

There was a long silence. The earl appeared to be alternately ruminating and taking a survey of the room. Isabel sat with her head down.

"Why did you seek me out?" she presently broke forth. "I am not worth it. I have brought enough disgrace upon your name."

"And upon your husband's and upon your children's," he rejoined, in the most severe manner, for it was not in the nature of the Earl of Mount Severn to gloss over guilt. "Nevertheless it is incumbent upon me, as your nearest blood relative, to see after you, now that you are alone again, and to take care, so far as I can, that you do not lapse lower."

He might have spared her that stab. But she scarcely understood him. She looked at him, wondering whether she did understand.

"You have not a shilling in the world," he resumed. "How do you propose to live?"

"I have some money yet. When—"

"His money?" sharply and haughtily interposed the earl.

"No," she indignantly replied. "I am selling my trinkets. Before they are all gone, I shall look out to get a living in some way; by teaching, probably."

"Trinkets!" repented Lord Mount Severn. "Mr. Carlyle told me that you carried nothing away with you from East Lynne."

"Nothing that he had given me. These were mine before I married. You have seen Mr. Carlyle, then?" she faltered.

"Seen him!" echoed the indignant earl. "When such a blow was dealt him by a member of my family, could I do less than hasten to East Lynne to tender my sympathies? I went with another object too—to discover what could have been the moving springs of your conduct; for I protest, when the black tidings reached me, I believed that you must have gone mad. You were one of the last whom I should have feared to trust. But I learned nothing and Carlyle was as ignorant as I. How could you strike him such a blow?"

Lower and lower drooped her head, brighter shone the shame on her hectic cheek. An awful blow to Mr. Carlyle it must have been; she was feeling it in all its bitter intensity. Lord Mount Severn read her repentant looks.

"Isabel," he said, in a tone which had lost something of its harshness, and it was the first time he had called her by her Christian name, "I see that you are reaping the fruits. Tell me how it happened. What demon prompted you to sell yourself to that bad man?"

"He is a bad man," she exclaimed. "A base, heartless man."

"I warned you at the commencement of your married life to avoid him; to shun all association with him; not to admit him to your house."

"His coming to East Lynne was not my doing," she whispered. "Mr. Carlyle invited him."

"I know he did. Invited him in his unsuspicious confidence, believing his wife to be his wife, a trustworthy woman of honor," was the severe remark.

She did not reply; she could not gainsay it; she only sat with her meek face of shame and her eyelids drooping.

"If ever a woman had a good husband, in every sense of the word, you had, in Carlyle; if man ever loved his wife, he loved you. How could you so requite him?"

She rolled, in a confused manner, the corners of her warm shawl over her unconscious fingers.

"I read the note you left for your husband. He showed it to me; the only one, I believe, to whom he did show it. It was to him entirely inexplicable; it was so to me. A notion had been suggested to him, after your departure, that his sister had somewhat marred your peace at East Lynne; and he blamed you much, if it was so, for not giving him your full confidence on the point, that he might have set matters on the right footing. But it was impossible (and there was the evidence in the note besides) that the presence of Miss Carlyle at East Lynne could be any excuse for your disgracing us all, and ruining yourself."

"Do not let us speak of these things," said Lady Isabel, faintly. "It cannot redeem the past."

"But I must speak of them; I am come to speak of them," persisted the earl; "I could not do it as long as that man was here. When these inexplicable things take place in the career of a woman, it is a father's duty to look into motives and causes and actions, although the events in themselves may be, as in this case, irreparable. Your father is gone, but I stand in his place; there is no one else to stand in it."

Her tears began to fall. And she let them fall—in silence. The earl resumed.

"But for that extraordinary letter, I should have supposed you had been solely actuated by a mad infatuation for the cur, Levison; its tenor gave the affair a different aspect. To what did you allude when you asserted that your husband had driven you to it?"

"He knew," she answered, scarcely above her breath.

"He did not know," sternly replied the earl. "A more truthful, honorable man than Carlyle does not exist on the face of the earth. When he told me then, in his agony of grief, that he was unable to form even a suspicion of your meaning, I could have staked my caridom on his veracity. I would stake it still."

"I believed," she began, in a low, nervous voice, for she knew that there was no evading the questions of Lord Mount Severn, when he was resolute in their being answered, and, indeed, she was too weak, both in body and spirit, to resist—"I believed that his love was no longer mine; that he had deserted me for another."

The earl stared at her. "What can you mean by 'deserted!' He was with you."

"There is a desertion of the heart," was her murmured answer.

"Desertion of a fiddlestick!" retorted his lordship. "The interpretation we gave to the note, I and Carlyle, was, that you had been actuated by motives of jealousy; had penned it in a jealous mood. I put the question to Carlyle—as between man and man—do you listen, Isabel?—whether he had given you cause; and he answered me, as with God over us. He had never given you cause; he had been faithful to you in thought, word and deed; he had never, so far as he could call to mind, even looked upon another woman with covetous feelings, since the hour that he made you his wife; his whole thoughts have been of you, and of you alone. It is more than many a husband can say," significantly coughed Lord Mount Severn.

Her pulses were beating wildly. A powerful conviction that the words were true; that her own blind jealousy had been utterly mistaken and unfounded was forcing its way to her brain.

"After that I could only set your letter down as a subterfuge," resumed the earl—"a false, bare-faced plea, put forth to conceal your real motives, and I told Carlyle so. I inquired how it was he had never detected any secret understanding between you and that—that beast, located, as the fellow was, in the house. He replied that no suspicion had ever occurred to him. He placed the most implicit confidence in you, and would have trusted you with the creature round the world, or with any one else."

She entwined her hands one within the other, pressing them to pain. It could not deaden the pain at her heart.

"Carlyle told me he had been unusually occupied during the stay of that man. Besides his customary office work, his time was taken up with some private business for a family in the neighborhood, and he had repeatedly to see them, more particularly the daughter, after office hours. Very old acquaintances of his, he said, relatives of the Carlyle family; and he was as anxious about the secret—a painful one—as they were. This, I observed to him, may have rendered him unobservant to what was passing at home. He told me, I remember, that on the very evening of the—the catastrophe, he ought to have gone with you to a dinner-party, but most important circumstances arose, in connection with the affair, which obliged him to meet two gentlemen at his office, and to receive them in secret, unknown to his clerks."

"Did he mention the name of the family?" inquired Lady Isabel, with white lips.

"Yes, he did. I forget it though. Rabbit! Rabit—some such name as that."

"Was it Hare?"

"That was it—Hare. He said you appeared vexed that he did not accompany you to the dinner; and, seeing that, he intended to go in afterward, but was prevented. When the interview was over in his office, he was again detained at Mrs. Hare's house, and by business as impossible to avoid as the other."

"Important business!" she echoed, giving way for a moment to the bitterness of former feelings. "He was promenading in their garden by moonlight with Barbara—Miss Hare. I saw them as my carriage passed."

"And you were jealous that he should be there!" exclaimed Lord Mount Severn, with mocking reproach, as he detected her mood. "Listen!" he whispered, bending his head toward her. "While you may have thought, as your present tone would seem to intimate, that they were pacing there to enjoy each other's society, know that they—Carlyle, at any rate—was pacing the walk to keep guard. One was within that house—for a short half hour's interview with his poor mother—one who lives in danger of the scaffold, to which his own father would be the first to deliver him up. They were keeping the path against that father, Carlyle and the young lady. Of all the nights in the previous seven years, that one only saw the unhappy son at home for a half hour's meeting with his mother and sister. Carlyle, in the grief and excitement caused by your conduct, confided so much to me, when mentioning what kept him from the dinner-party."

Her face had become crimson—crimson at her past lamentable folly. And there was no redemption!

"But he was always with Barbara Hare," she murmured, by way of some faint excuse.

"I have mentioned so. She had to see him upon this affair; her mother could not, for it was obliged to be kept from the father. And so, you construed business interviews into assignations!" continued Lord Mount Severn, with cutting derision. "I had given you credit for better sense. But was this enough to hurl you on to the step you took? Surely not. You must have yielded to the persuasions of that wicked man."

"It is all over now," she wailed.

"Carlyle was true and faithful to you, and to you alone. Few women have the chance of happiness, in their married life, in the degree that you had. He is an upright and good man; one of nature's gentlemen; one that England may be proud of, as having grown upon her soil. The more I see of him, the greater becomes my admiration of him, and of his thorough honor. Do you know what he did in the matter of the damages?"

She shook her head.

"He did not wish to proceed for damages, or only for the trifling sum demanded by law; but the jury, feeling for his wrongs, gave unprecedentedly heavy ones. Since the fellow came into his baronetcy they have been paid. Carlyle immediately handed them over to the county hospital. He holds the apparently obsolete opinion, that money cannot wipe out a wife's dishonor."

"Let us close these topics," implored the poor invalid. "I acted wickedly and madly, and I have the consequences to bear forever. More I cannot say."

"Where do you intend to fix your future residence?" inquired the earl.

"I am unable to tell. I shall leave this town as soon as I am well enough."

"Aye. It cannot be pleasant for you to remain under the eyes of the inhabitants. You were here with him, were you not?"

"They think I am his wife," she murmured. "The servants think it."

"That's well, so far. How many servants have you?"

"Two. I am not strong enough yet to do much myself, so am obliged to keep two," she continued, as if in apology for the extravagance, under her reduced circumstances. "As soon as ever the baby can walk I shall manage to do with one."

The earl looked confounded. "The baby!" he uttered, in a tone of astonishment and grief painful to her to hear. "Isabel, is there a child?"

Not less painful was her own emotion as she hid her face. Lord Mount Severn rose and paced the room with striding steps.

"I did not know it!—I did not know it! Wicked, heartless villain! He ought to have married you before its birth. Was the divorce out previously?" he asked, stopping short in his strides to put the question.

"Yes."

"Coward! sneak! May good men shun him from henceforth! may his queen refuse to receive him! You, an earl's daughter! Oh, Isabel! how utterly you have lost yourself!"

Lady Isabel started from her chair in a burst of hysterical sobs, her hands extended beseechingly toward the earl. "Spare me, spare me! You have been rending my heart ever since you came; indeed, I am too weak to bear it."

The earl, in truth, had been betrayed into showing more of his sentiments than he intended. He recalled his recollection.

"Well, well, sit down again, Isabel," he said, putting her into her chair. "We will go to the point I chiefly came here to settle. What sum will it take you to live upon? Quietly; as of course you would now wish to live, but comfortably."

"I will not accept anything," she replied. "I will get my own living." And the earl's irascibility again rose at the speech. He spoke in a sharp tone:

"Absurd, Isabel! Do not add romantic folly to your other mistakes. Get your own living, indeed! As much as is necessary for you to live upon, I shall supply. No remonstrance; I tell you I am acting as for your father. Do you suppose he would have abandoned you to starve or to work?"

The allusion touched every chord within her bosom, and the tears fell fast. "I thought I could get my living by teaching," she sobbed.

"And how much did you anticipate the teaching would bring you in?"

"Not very much," she listlessly said. "A hundred a year, perhaps; I am very clever at music and singing. That sum might keep us, I fancy, even if I only went out by day."

"And a fine 'keep' it would be. You shall have that sum every quarter!"

"No, no! oh, no! I do not deserve it; could not accept it. I have forfeited all claim to assistance."

"Not to mine. Now, it is of no use to excite yourself, for my mind is made up. I never willingly forego a duty, and I look upon this not only as a duty, but as an imperative one. Upon my return, I shall immediately settle four hundred upon you, and you can draw it quarterly."

"Then half the sum," she reiterated, knowing how useless it was to contend with Lord Mount Severn when he got upon the stilts of "duty." "Indeed, two hundred a year will be ample; it will seem like riches to me."

"I have named the sum, Isabel, and I shall not make it less. A hundred pounds every three months shall be paid to you, dating from this day. This does not count," continued he, laying down some notes on the table.

He took her hand within his in token of farewell; turned and was gone.

And Lady Isabel remained in her chamber, alone.

Alone; alone! Alone for evermore!

CHAPTER XXVII.

BARBARA'S MISDOINGS.

A sunny afternoon in summer. More correctly speaking, it may be said a summer's evening, for the bright beams were already slanting athwart the substantial garden of Mr. Justice Hare, and the tea hour, seven, was passing. Mr. and Mrs. Hare and Barbara were seated at the meal; somehow, meals always did seem in process at Justice Hare's; if it was not breakfast, it was luncheon—if it was not luncheon, it was dinner—if it was not dinner, it was tea. Barbara sat in tears, for the justice was giving her a "piece of his mind," and poor Mrs. Hare, deferentially agreeing with her husband, as she would have done had he proposed to set the house on fire, and burn her up in it, yet sympathizing with Barbara, moved uneasily in her chair.

"You do it for the purpose; you do it to anger me," thundered the justice, bringing down his hand on the tea-table, and causing the cups to rattle.

"No I don't, papa," sobbed Barbara.

"Then why do you do it?"

Barbara was silent.

"No; you can't answer; you have nothing to urge. What is the matter, pray, with Major Thorn? Come, I will be answered."

"I don't like him," faltered Barbara.

"You do like him; you are telling me an untruth. You have liked him well enough whenever he has been here."

"I like him as an acquaintance, papa; not as a husband."

"Not as a husband!" repeated the exasperated justice. "Why, bless my heart and body, the girl's going mad! Not as a husband! Who asked you to like him as a husband before he became such? Did ever you hear that it was necessary or expedient, or becoming for a young lady to set on and begin to 'like' a gentleman as 'her husband'?"

Barbara felt a little bewildered.

"Here's the whole parish saying that Barbara Hare can't be married, that nobody will have her, on account of—of—of that cursed stain left by—I won't trust myself to name him, I should go too far. Now, don't you think that's a pretty disgrace, a fine state of things?"

"But it is not true," said Barbara; "people do ask me."

"But what's the use of their asking when you say 'No'?" raved the justice. "Is that the way to let the parish know what they ask? You are an ungrateful, rebellious, self-willed daughter, and you'll never be otherwise."

Barbara's tears flowed freely. The justice gave a dash at the bell handle, to order the tea-things carried away, and after their removal the subject was renewed, together with Barbara's grief. That was the worst of Justice Hare. Let him seize hold of a grievance (it was not often he got upon a real one) and he kept on it, like a blacksmith hammering at his forge. In the midst of a stormy oration, tongue and hands going together, Mr. Carlyle came in.

Not much altered; not much. A year and three-quarters had gone by, and they had served to silver his hair upon the temples. His manner, too, would never again be careless and light as it once had been. He was the same keen man of business, the same pleasant, intelligent companion; the generality of people saw no change in him. Barbara rose to escape.

"No," said Justice Hare, planting himself between her and the door; "that's the way you like to get out of my reach when I am talking to you. You won't go; so sit down again. I'll tell you of your ill-conduct before Mr. Carlyle, and see if that will shame you."

Barbara resumed her seat, a rush of crimson dyeing her cheeks. And Mr. Carlyle looked inquiringly, seeming to ask an explanation of her distress. The justice continued after his own fashion:

"You know, Carlyle, that horrible blow that fell upon us, that shameful disgrace. Well, because the parish can't clack enough about the fact itself, it must begin about Barbara, saying that the disgrace and humiliation are reflected upon her, and that nobody will come near her to ask her to be his wife. One would think, rather than lie under the stigma and afford the parish room to talk, she'd marry the first man that came, if it was the parish beadle—anybody else would. But now, what are the facts? You'll stare when you know them. She has received a bushel of good offers—a bushel of them," repeated the justice, dashing his hand down on his knee, "and she says 'No!' to all. The last was to-day, from Major Thorn, and my young lady takes and puts the stopper upon it, as usual, without reference to me or her mother, without saying with your leave or by your leave. She wants to be kept in her room for a week upon bread and water, to bring her to her senses."

Mr. Carlyle glanced at Barbara. She was sitting meekly under the infliction, her wet eyelashes falling on her flushed cheeks and shading her eyes. The justice was heated enough, and had pushed his flaxen wig nearly hind-before, in the warmth of his argument.

"What do you say to her?" snapped the justice.

"Matrimony may not have charms for Barbara," replied Mr. Carlyle, half jokingly.

"Nothing does have charms for her that ought to have," growled Justice Hare. "She's one of the contrary ones. By the way, though," hastily resumed the justice, leaving the objectionable subject, as another flashed across his memory, "they were coupling your name and matrimony together, Carlyle, last night, at the Buck's Head."

A very perceptible tinge of red rose to the face of Mr. Carlyle, telling of inward emotion, but his voice and manner betrayed none.

"Indeed," he carelessly said.

"Ah, you are a sly one; you are, Carlyle. Remember how sly you were over your first"—marriage, Justice Hare was going to bring out, but it suddenly occurred to him that, all circumstances considered, it was not precisely the topic to recall to Mr. Carlyle. So he stopped himself in the utterance, coughed, and went on again. "There you go, over to Sir John Dobede's, not to see Sir John, but paying court to Miss Dobede."

"So the Buck's Head was amusing itself with that!" good-humoredly observed Mr. Carlyle. "Well, Miss Dobede is going to be married, and I am drawing up the settlements."

"It's not she; she marries young Somerset; everybody knows that. It's the other one, Louisa. A nice girl, Carlyle."

"Very," responded Mr. Carlyle, and it was all the answer he gave.

The justice, tired of sitting in-doors, tired, perhaps, of extracting nothing satisfactory from Mr. Carlyle, rose, shook himself, set his wig aright before the chimney-glass, and quitted the house on his customary evening visit to the Buck's Head. Barbara, who watched him down the path, saw that he encountered some one who happened to be passing the gate. She could not at first distinguish who it might be, nothing but an arm and shoulder cased in velveteen met her view, but as their positions changed in conversation—his and her father's—she saw that it was Locksley, he who had been the chief witness (not a vindictive one; he could not help himself) against her brother Richard, touching the murder of Hallijohn.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Hare had drawn Mr. Carlyle into a chair close by her own.

"Archibald, will you forgive me if I say a word upon the topic introduced by Mr. Hare!" she said, in a low tone, as she shook his hand. "You know how fondly I have ever regarded you, second only to my poor Richard. Your welfare and happiness are precious to me. I wish I could in any way promote them. It occurs to me sometimes that you are not at present so happy as you might be."

"I have some sources of happiness," said Mr. Carlyle. "My children and I have plenty of sources of interest. What do you mean, dear Mrs. Hare?"

"Your home might be made happier."

Mr. Carlyle smiled, nearly laughed.

"Cornelia takes care of that, as she did in the old days, you know."

"Yes, I do know. Would it not be as well to consider whether she would not be better in a home of her own—and for you to give East Lynne another mistress?"

He shook his head.

"Archibald, it would be happier for you; it would indeed. It is only in new ties that you can forget the past. You might find recompense yet for the sorrow you have gone through; and I know none, I know none," repeated Mrs. Hare, emphatically, "more calculated to bring it you than that sweet girl, Louisa Dobede."

"So long as"—Mr. Carlyle was beginning, and had got so far in his sentence, when he was interrupted by an exclamation from Barbara.

"What can be the matter with papa? Locksley must have said something to anger him. He is coming in the greatest passion, mamma; his face crimson, and his hands and arms working."

"Oh, dear, Barbara!" was all poor Mrs. Hare's reply. The justice's great bursts of passion frightened her.

In he came, closed the door, and stood in the middle of the room, looking alternately at Mrs. Hare and Barbara.

"What is this cursed report that's being whispered in the place?" quoth he, in a tone of suppressed rage, but not unmixed with awe.

"What report?" asked Mr. Carlyle, for the justice waited for an answer, and Mrs. Hare seemed unable to speak. Barbara took care to keep silence; she had some misgivings that the justice's words might be referring to herself—to the recent grievance.

"A report that he—he—has been here, disguised as a laborer, has dared to show himself in the place where he'll come yet, to the gibbet."

Mrs. Hare's face turned as white as death. Mr. Carlyle rose and dexterously contrived to stand before her, so that it should not be seen. Barbara silently locked her hands, one within the other, and turned to the window.

"Of whom do you speak?" asked Mr. Carlyle, in a matter-of-fact tone, as if he were putting the most matter-of-fact question. He knew too well; but he thought to temporize for the sake of Mrs. Hare.

"Of whom do I speak!" uttered the exasperated justice, nearly beside himself with passion; "of whom should I speak, but the bastard Dick? Who else in West Lynne is likely to come to a felon's death?"

"Oh, Richard!" sobbed forth Mrs. Hare, as she sank back in her chair, "be merciful. He is our own true son."

"Never a true son of the Hares," raved the justice. "A true son of wickedness, and cowardice, and blight, and evil. If he has dared to show his face at West Lynne, I'll set the whole police of England upon his track, that he may be brought here as he ought, if he must come. When Locksley told me of it, just now, I raised my hand to knock him down, so infamously false did I deem the report. Do you know anything of his having been here?" continued the justice to his wife, in a pointed, resolute tone.

How Mrs. Hare would have extricated herself, or what she would have answered, cannot even be imagined, but Mr. Carlyle interposed.

"You are frightening Mrs. Hare, sir. Don't you see that she knows nothing of it—that the very report of such a thing is alarming her into illness? But allow me to inquire what it may be that Locksley said?"

"I met him at the gate," returned Justice Hare, turning his attention upon Mr. Carlyle. "He was going by as I reached it. 'Oh, justice, I am glad I met you. That's a nasty report in the place that Richard has been here. I'd see what I could do toward hushing it up, sir, if I were you, for it may only serve to put the police in mind of bygone things, which may be better they should forget.' Carlyle, I went, as I tell you, to knock him down; I asked him how he could have the hardihood to repeat such slander to my face. He was on the high horse directly; said the parish spoke the slander, not he; and I got out of him what it was he had heard."

"And what was it?" interrupted Mr. Carlyle, more eagerly than he generally spoke.

"Why, they say that the fellow showed himself here some time ago, a year or so, disguised as a farm laborer—confounded fools! Not but what he'd have been the fool, had he done it."

"To be sure he would," repeated Mr. Carlyle, "and he is not fool enough for that, sir. Let West Lynne talk, Mr. Hare; but do not you put faith in a word of its gossip. I never do. Poor Richard, wherever he may be—"

"I won't have him pitied in my presence," burst forth the justice. "Poor Richard, indeed! Villain Richard, if you please."

"I was about to observe that wherever he may be, whether in the backwoods of America, or digging for gold in California, or wandering about the United Kingdom, there is little fear that he will quit his place of safty, to dare the dangerous ground of West Lynne. Had I been you, sir, I should have laughed at Locksley and his words."

"Why does West Lynne invent such lies?"

"Ah, there's the rub. I dare say West Lynne could not tell why, if it were paid for doing it; but it seems to have been a lame story it has got up this time. If they must have concocted a report that Richard had been seen at West Lynne, why put it back to a year ago—why not have fixed it for to-day or yesterday? If I heard anything more, I would treat it with the silence and contempt it deserves, justice."

Silence and contempt were not greatly in the justice's line; noise and explosion were more so. But he had a high opinion of the judgment of Mr. Carlyle; and growling a sort of assent, he once more set forth to pay his evening visit.

"Oh, Archibald!" uttered Mrs. Hare, when her husband was half-way down the path, "what a mercy that you were here! I should inevitably have betrayed myself."

Barbara turned round from the window. "But what could have possessed Locksley to say what he did?" she exclaimed.

"I have no doubt Locksley spoke with a good motive," said Mr. Carlyle. "He is not unfriendly to Richard, and thought, probably, that by telling Mr. Hare of the report he might get it stopped. The rumor had been mentioned to me."

Barbara turned cold all over. "How can it have come to light?" she breathed.

"I am at a loss to know," said Mr. Carlyle. "The person to mention it to me was Tom Herbert. 'I say,' said he, meeting me yesterday. 'What's this row about Dick Hare?' 'What row?' I asked him. 'Why, that Dick was at West Lynne some time back, disguised as a farm laborer.' Just the same, you see, that Locksley said to Mr. Hare. I laughed at Tom Herbert," continued Mr. Carlyle; "turned his report into ridicule, and made him turn it into ridicule also, before I had done with him."

"Will it be the means of causing Richard's detection?" murmured Mrs. Hare from between her dry lips.

"No, no," warmly responded Mr. Carlyle. "Had the report arisen immediately after he was really here, it might not have been so pleasant; but nearly two years have elapsed since the period. Be under no uneasiness, dear Mrs. Hare, for rely upon it there is no cause."

"But how could it have come out, Archibald?" she urged, "and at this distant period of time?"

"I assure you I am quite at a loss to imagine. Had anybody at West Lynne seen and recognized Richard, they would have spoken of it at the time. Do not let it trouble you, the rumor will die away."

Mrs. Hare sighed deeply, and left the room to proceed to her own chamber. Barbara and Mr. Carlyle were alone.

"Oh, that the real murderer could be discovered!" she aspirated, clasping her hands. "To be subjected to these shocks of fear is dreadful. Mamma will not be herself for days to come."

"I wish the right man could be found; but it seems as far off as ever," remarked Mr. Carlyle.

Barbara sat ruminating. It seemed that she would say something to Mr. Carlyle, but a feeling caused her to hesitate. When she did at length speak, it was in a low, timid voice.

"You remember the description Richard gave, that last night, of the person he had met—the true Thorn?"

"Yes."

"Did it strike you then—has it ever occurred to you to think—that it accorded with some one?"

"In what way, Barbara?" he asked, after a pause. "It accorded with the description Richard always gave of the man Thorn."

"Richard spoke of the peculiar movement of throwing off the hair from the forehead—is this way. Did that strike you as being familiar, in connection with the white hand and the diamond ring?"

"Many have a habit of pushing off their hair—I think I do it myself sometimes. Barbara, what do you mean? Have you a suspicion of any one?"

"Have you?" she returned, answering the question by asking another.

"I have not. Since Captain Thorn was disposed of, my suspicions have not pointed anywhere."

This sealed Barbara's lips. She had hers; certain vague doubts, bringing wonder more than anything else. At times she had thought the same doubts might have occurred to Mr. Carlyle; she now found that they had not. The terrible domestic calamity which had happened to Mr. Carlyle the same night that Richard protested he had seen Thorn, had prevented Barbara's discussing the matter with him then, and she had never done so since. Richard had not been further heard of, and the affair had remained in abeyance.

"I begin to despair of its ever being discovered," she observed. "What will become of poor Richard?"

"We can but wait, and hope that time may bring forth its own elucidation," concluded Mr. Carlyle.

"Ah," sighed Barbara, "but it is weary waiting—weary, weary."

"How is it you contrive to get under the paternal displeasure?" he resumed, in a gayer tone.

She blushed vividly, and it was her only answer.

"The Major Thorn alluded to by your papa is our old friend, I presume?"

Barbara inclined her head.

"He is a very pleasant man, Barbara. Many a young lady in West Lynne would be proud to get him."

"Yes, he is a pleasant man," quietly answered Barbara, but she spoke in a tone that did not invite further discussion.

There was a pause. Barbara broke it, but she did not look at Mr. Carlyle as she spoke.

"The other rumor—is it a correct one?"

"What other rumor?"

"That you are to marry Louisa Dobede."

"It is not. I have no intention of marrying any one. Nay, I will say it more strongly; it is my intention not to marry any one—to remain as I am."

Barbara lifted her eyes to his in the surprise of the moment.

"You look amazed, Barbara. Have you been lending your credence to the gossips, who have so kindly disposed of me to Louisa Dobede?"

"Not so. But Louisa Dobede is a girl to be coveted, and, as mamma says, it might be happier for you if you married again. I thought you would be sure to do so."

"No. She—who was my wife—lives."

"What of that?" uttered Barbara, in simplicity.

He did not answer for a moment, and when he did, it was in a low, almost imperceptible tone, as he stood by the table at which Barbara sat, and looked down on her.

"'Whosoever putteth away his wife and marrieth another, committeth adultery.'"

And before Barbara could answer, if, indeed, she had found any answer to make, or had recovered her surprise, he had taken his hat and was gone.

To return for a short while to Lady Isabel. As the year advanced she grew stronger, and in the latter part of the summer made preparations for quitting Grenoble. Where she would fix her residence, or what she would do, she knew not. She was miserable and restless, and cared little what became of her. The remotest spot on earth, one unpenetrated by the steps of civilized man, appeared the most desirable for her. Where was she to find this?

She set out on her search, she and the child and its nurse. Not Susanne. Susanne had a sweetheart in Grenoble, and declined to quit it, so a girl was engaged for the child in her place. Lady Isabel wound up her housekeeping, had her things packed and forwarded to Paris there to wait her orders, and finally quitted Grenoble. It was a fine day when she left it—all too fine for the dark ending it was to bring.

When a railway accident does take place in France, it is an accident. None of your milk-and-water affairs, where a few bruises and a great fright are the extent of the damage, but too often a calamity whose remembrance lasts a lifetime. Lady Isabel had travelled a considerable distance that first day, and at the dusk of evening, as they were approaching a place, Cammère, where she purposed to halt for the night, a dreadful accident occurred. The details need not be given, and will not be. It is sufficient to say that some of the passengers were killed, her child and its nurse being amongst them, and she herself was dangerously injured.

The injuries lay chiefly in her left leg and in her face—the lower part of her face. The surgeons, taking their cursory view of her, as they did of the rest of the sufferers, were not sparing in their remarks, for they believed her to be insensible. She gathered that the leg was to be amputated, and that she would probably die under the operation—but her turn to be attended to was not yet. How she contrived to write she never knew, but she got a pen and ink brought to her, and did succeed in scrawling a letter to Lord Mount Severn.

She told him that an accident had taken place; she could not say how; all was confusion; and that her child and maid were killed. She herself was dangerously injured, and was about to undergo an operation, which the doctors believed she would not survive; only in case of her death would the letter be sent to Lord Mount Severn. She could not die, she said, without a word of thanks for all his kindness; and she begged him, when he saw Mr. Carlyle, to say that with her last breath she humbly implored his forgiveness and his children's, whom she no longer dared to call hers.

Now this letter, by the officiousness of a servant at the inn to which the sufferers were carried, was taken at once to the post. And, after all, things turned out not to be so bad as anticipated; for when the doctors came to examine minutely the state of Lady Isabel, not cursorily, they found there would be no absolute necessity for the operation contemplated. Fond as the French surgeons are of the knife, to resort to it in this instance would have been cruel, and they proceeded to other means of cure.

The letter was duly delivered at the town house of Lord Mount Severn, where it was addressed. The countess was sojourning there for a few days; she had quitted it after the season, but some business, or pleasure, had called her again to town. Lord Vane was with her, but the earl was in Scotland. They were at breakfast, she and her son, when the letter was brought in; eighteenpence to pay. Its scrawled address, its foreign aspect, its appearance, altogether, excited her curiosity; in her own mind, she believed she had dropped upon a nice little conjugal mare's nest.

"I shall open this," cried she.

"Why, it is addressed to papa!" exclaimed Lord Vane, who possessed all his father's notions of honor.

"But such an odd letter! It may require an immediate answer; or is some begging petition, perhaps. Get on with your breakfast."

Lady Mount Severn opened the letter, and with some difficulty spelt through its contents. They shocked even her.

"How dreadful!" she uttered, in the impulse of the moment.

"What is dreadful?" asked Lord Vane, looking up from his breakfast.

"Lady Isabel—Isabel Vane—you have not forgotten her?"

"Forgotten her!" he echoed. "Why, mamma, I must possess a funny memory to have forgotten her already."

"She is dead. She has been killed in a railway accident in France."

His large eyes, honest and true as they had been in childhood, filled, and his face flushed. He said nothing, for emotion was strong within him.

"But shocking as it is, it is better for her," went on the countess; "for, poor creature, what could her future life have been?"

"Oh, don't say it!" impetuously broke out the young viscount. "Killed in a railway accident, and for you to say that it is better for her!"

"So it is better," said the countess. "Don't go into heroics, William. You are quite old enough to know that she had brought misery upon herself, and disgrace upon all connected with her. No one could ever have taken notice of her again."

"I would," said the boy, stoutly.

Lady Mount Severn smiled derisively.

"I would. I never liked anybody in the world half so much as I liked Isabel."

"That's past and gone. You could not have continued to like her, after the disgrace she wrought."

"Somebody else wrought more of the disgrace than she did; and, had I been a man, I would have shot him dead," flashed the viscount.

"You don't know anything about it."

"Don't I?" returned he, not over dutifully. But Lady Mount Severn had not brought him up to be dutiful.

"May I read the letter, mamma?" he demanded, after a pause.

"If you can read it," she replied, tossing it to him. "It is written in the strangest style, syllables divided, and the words running one into the other. She wrote it herself when she was dying."

Lord Vane took the letter to a window, and stayed looking over it for some time; the countess ate an egg and a plate of ham meanwhile. Presently he came back with it folded, and laid it on the table.

"You will forward it to papa to-day?" he observed.

"I shall forward it to him. But there's no hurry; and I don't exactly know where your papa may be. I shall send a notice of her death to the papers, and I am glad to do it; it is a blight removed from the family."

"Mamma, I do think you are the unkindest woman that ever breathed!"

"I'll give you something to call me unkind for, if you don't mind," retorted the countess, her color rising. "Duck you of your holiday, and pack you back to school to-day."

A few mornings after this Mr. Carlyle left East Lynne and proceeded to his office as usual. Scarcely was he seated when Mr. Dill entered, and Mr. Carlyle looked at him inquiringly, for it was not Mr. Carlyle's custom to be intruded upon by any person until he had opened his letters; then he would ring for Mr. Dill. The letters and the "Times" newspaper lay on the table before him. The old gentleman came up in a covert, timid sort of way, which made Mr. Carlyle look all the more.

"I beg pardon, sir; will you let me ask if you have heard any particular news?"

"Yes, I have heard it," replied Mr. Carlyle.

"Then, sir, I beg your pardon a thousand times over. It occurred to me that you probably had not, Mr. Archibald, and I thought I would have said a word to prepare you, before you came upon it suddenly in the paper."

"To prepare me!" echoed Mr. Carlyle, as old Dill was turning away. "Why, what has come to you, Dill? Are you afraid my nerves are growing delicate, or that I shall faint over the loss of a hundred pounds? At the very most, we shall not suffer above that extent."

Old Dill turned back again.

"If I don't believe you are speaking of the failure of Kent & Green! It's not that, Mr. Archibald. They won't affect us much; and there'll be a dividend, report runs."

"What is it, then?"

"Then you have not heard it, sir! I am glad that I'm in time. It might not be well for you to have seen it without a word of preparation, Mr. Archibald."

"If you have not gone demented, you will tell me what you mean, Dill, and leave me to my letters," cried Mr. Carlyle, wondering excessively at his sober, matter-of-fact clerk's words and manner.

Old Dill laid his hands upon the "Times" newspaper.

"It's here, Mr. Archibald, in the column of deaths; the first on the list. Please, prepare yourself a little, before you look at it."

He shuffled out quickly, and Mr. Carlyle as quickly unfolded the paper. It was, as old Dill said, the first on the list of deaths:

"At Cammère, in France, on the 18th inst., Isabel Mary, only child of William, late earl of Mount Severn."

Clients called; Mr. Carlyle's bell did not ring; an hour or two passed, and old Dill protested that Mr. Carlyle was engaged, until he could protest no longer. He went in deprecatingly. Mr. Carlyle sat yet with the newspaper before him, and the letters unopened at his elbow.

"There's one or two who will come in, Mr. Archibald, who will see you; what am I to say?"

Mr. Carlyle stared at him for a moment, as if his wits had been in the next world. Then he swept the newspaper from before him, and was the calm, collected man of business again.

As the news of Lady Isabel's marriage had first come to the knowledge of Lord Mount Severn through the newspapers, so, singular to say, did the tidings of her death. The next post brought him the letter, which his wife had tardily forwarded. But, unlike Lady Mount Severn, he did not take her death so entirely upon trust; he thought it possible the letter might have been dispatched without its having taken place; and he deemed it incumbent on him to make inquiries. He wrote immediately to the authorities of the town (in the best French he could muster) asking for particulars, and whether she was really dead.

He received, in due course, a satisfactory answer; satisfactory in so far as that it set his doubts at rest. He had inquired after her by her proper name and title, "La Dame Isabelle Vane," and as the authorities could find none of the survivors owning that name, they took it for granted she was dead. They wrote him word that the child and nurse were killed on the spot; two ladies, occupying the same compartment of the carriage, had since died, one of whom was no doubt the mother, and lady he inquired for. She was dead and buried, sufficient money having been found upon her person to defray the few necessary expenses.

Thus, through no premeditated intention of Lady Isabel, news of her death went forth to Lord Mount Severn and to the world. Her first intimation that she was regarded as dead, was through a copy of that very day's Times seen by Mr. Carlyle, seen by Lord Mount Severn. An English traveller, who had been amongst the sufferers, and who received the English newspapers daily, sometimes lent them to her to read. She was not travelling under her own name; she left that behind her when she left Grenoble; she had rendered her own too notorious to risk the chance recognition of travellers; and the authorities little thought that the quiet, unobtrusive Madame Vine, slowly recovering at the inn, was the Dame Isabella Vane, respecting whom the grand English Comte wrote.

Lady Isabel understood it at once; that the dispatching her letter had been the foundation of the misapprehension; and she began to ask herself now, why she should undeceive Lord Mount Severn and the world. She longed, none knew with what intense longing, to be unknown, obscure, totally unrecognized by all; none can know it, till they have put a barrier between themselves and the world, as she had done. The child was gone—happy being! she thought she could never be sufficiently thankful that it was released from its uncertain future—therefore she had not his support to think of. She had only herself; and surely she could with ease earn enough for that; or she could starve; it mattered little which. No, there was no necessity for her continuing to accept the bounty of Lord Mount Severn, and she would let him and everybody else continue to believe she was dead, and be henceforth only Madame Vine. A resolution she adhered to.

Thus the unhappy Isabel's career was looked upon as run. Lord Mount Severn forwarded her letter to Mr. Carlyle with the confirmation of her death, which he had obtained from the French authorities. It was a nine days' wonder: "That poor, erring Lady Isabel was dead"—people did not call her names in the very teeth of her fate—and then it was over.

It was over. Lady Isabel Vane was as one forgotten.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR AT EAST LYNNE.

There went, sailing up the avenue to East Lynne, a lady, one windy afternoon. If not a lady, she was attired as one; a flounced dress, and a stylish-looking shawl, and a white veil. A very pretty woman, tall and slender, was she, and she minced as she walked, and coquetted with her head, and, altogether, contrived to show that she had quite as much vanity as brains. She went boldly up to the front entrance of the house, and boldly rang at it, drawing her white veil over her face as she did so.

One of the men-servants answered it, not Peter; and seeing somebody very smart before him, bowed deferentially.

"Miss Hallijohn is residing here, I believe. Is she within?"

"Who, ma'am?"

"Miss Hallijohn—Miss Joyce Hallijohn," somewhat sharply repeated the lady, as if impatient of any delay. "I wish to see her."

The man was rather taken aback. He had deemed it a visitor to the house, and was prepared to usher her to the drawing-room, at least; but it seemed it was only a visitor to Joyce. He showed her into a small parlor, and went up-stairs to the nursery, where Joyce was sitting with Wilson—for there had been no change in the domestic department of East Lynne. Joyce remained as upper maid, partially superintending the servants attending upon Lucy, and making Miss Carlyle's dresses as usual. Wilson was nurse still.

"Mrs. Joyce, there's a lady asking for you," said the man. "I have shown her into the gray parlor."

"A lady for me?" repeated Joyce. "Who is it? Some one to see the children, perhaps?"

"It's for yourself, I think. She asked for Miss Hallijohn."

Joyce looked at the man; but she put down her work and proceeded to the gray parlor. A pretty woman, vain and dashing, threw up her white veil at her entrance.

"Well, Joyce! How are you?"

Joyce, always pale, turned paler still, as she gazed in blank consternation. Was it really Afy who stood before her? Afy, the erring?

Afy it was. And she stood there, holding out her hand to Joyce with, what Wilson would have called, all the brass in the world. Joyce could not reconcile her mind to link her own with it.

"Excuse me, Afy, but I cannot take your hand. I cannot welcome you here. What could have induced you to come?"

"If you are going to be upon the high ropes, it seems I might as well have stayed away," was Afy's reply, given in the pert, but good-humored manner she had ever used to Joyce. "My hand won't damage yours. I am not poison."

"You are looked upon in the neighborhood as worse than poison, Afy," returned Joyce, in a tone not of anger, but of sorrow. "Where's Richard Hare?"

Afy tossed her head.

"Where's who?" asked she.

"Richard Hare. My question was plain enough."

"How should I know where he is? It's like your impudence to mention him to me. Why don't you ask me where Old Nick is, and how he does? I'd rather own acquaintance with him than with Richard Hare, if I'd only my choice between the two."

"Then you have left Richard Hare! How long since?"

"I have left—what do you say?" broke off Afy, whose lips were quivering ominously with suppressed passion. "Perhaps you'll condescend to explain. I don't understand."

"When you left here, Afy, did you not go after Richard Hare?—did you not join him?"

"I'll tell you what it is, Joyce," flashed Afy, her face indignant and her voice passionate, "I have put up with some things from you in my time, but human nature has its limits of endurance, and I won't bear that. I have never set eyes on Richard Hare since that night of horror; I wish I could, I'd help to hang him."

Joyce paused. The belief that Afy was with him had been long and deeply imbued within her; it was the long-continued and firm conviction of all West Lynne; and a settled belief, such as that, is not easily shaken. Was Afy telling her the truth? She knew her propensity for making false assertions, when they served to excuse herself.

"Afy," she said, at length, "let me understand you. When you left this place, was it not to share Richard Hare's flight? Have you not been living with him?"

"No!" burst forth Afy, with kindling eyes. "Living with him! with our father's murderer! Shame upon you, Joyce Hallijohn! you must be precious wicked yourself to suppose it."

"If I have judged you, wrongly, Afy, I sincerely beg your pardon. Not only myself, but the whole of West Lynne, believed you were with him; and the thought has caused me pain night and day."

"What a cannibal-minded set you all must be, then!" was Afy's indignant rejoinder.

"What have you been doing ever since, then? Where have you been?"

"Never mind, I say," repeated Afy. "West Lynne has not been so complimentary to me, it appears, that I need put myself out of my way to satisfy its curiosity. I was knocking about a bit at first, but I soon settled down as steady as Old Time; as steady as you."

"Are you married?" inquired Joyce, noting the word "settled."

"Catch me marrying," retorted Afy; "I like my liberty too well. Not but what I might be induced to change my condition, if anything out of the way eligible occurred; it must be very eligible, though, to tempt me. I am what I suppose you call yourself—a lady's maid."

"Indeed!" said Joyce, much relieved. "And are you comfortable, Afy? Are you in good service?"

"Middling for that. The pay's not amiss, but there's a great deal to do, and Lady Mount Severn's too much of a Tartar for me."

Joyce looked at her in surprise.

"What have you to do with Lady Mount Severn?"

"Well, that's good! It's where I am at service."

"At Lady Mount Severn's?"

"Why not? I have been there two years. It is not a great deal longer I shall stop, though; she has too much vinegar in her for me. But it poses me to imagine what on earth could have induced you to fancy I should go off with that Dick Hare," she added, for she could not forget the grievance.

"Look at the circumstances," argued Joyce. "You both disappeared."

"But not together."

"Nearly together. There were only a few days intervening. And you had neither money nor friends."

"You don't know what I had. But I would rather have died of want on father's grave than have shared his means," continued Afy, growing passionate again. "Where is he? Not hung, or I should have heard of it."

"He has never been seen since that night, Afy."

"Nor heard of?"

"Nor heard of. Most people think he is in Australia, or some other foreign land."

"The best place for him; the more distance he puts between him and home, the better. If he does come back I hope he'll get his deserts—which is a rope's end. I'd go to his hanging."

"You are as bitter against him as Mr. Justice Hare. He would bring his son back to suffer, if he could."

"A cross grained old camel!" remarked Afy, in allusion to the qualities, social and amiable, of the revered justice. "I don't defend Dick Hare, I hate him too much for that—but if his father had treated him differently, Dick might have been different. Well, let's talk of something else; the subject invariably gives me the shivers. Who is mistress here?"

"Miss Carlyle."

"Oh, I might have guessed that. Is she as fierce as ever?"

"There is little alteration in her."

"And there won't be on this side of the grave. I say, Joyce, I don't want to encounter her; she might set on at me, like she has done many a time in the old days. Little love was there lost between me and Corny Carlyle."

"Is Mr. Carlyle at home?"

"He will be home to dinner. I dare say you would like some tea; you shall come and take it with me and Wilson, in the nursery."

"I was thinking you might have the grace to offer me something," cried Afy. "I intend to stop till to-morrow in the neighborhood; my lady gave me two days' holiday—for she was going to see her dreadful old grandmother, where she can't take a maid—and I thought I'd just like to be coming to have a look at the old place again. Don't stare at me in that blank way, as if you feared I should ask the grand loan of sleeping here. I shall sleep at the Mount Severn Arms."

"I was not glancing at such a thought, Afy. Come, and take your bonnet off."

"Is the nursery full of children?"

"There's only one child in it. Miss Lucy and Master William are with the governess."

Wilson received Afy with lofty condescension, having Richard Hare in her thoughts. But Joyce explained that it was all a misapprehension—that her sister had not been near Richard Hare, but was as indignant against him as they were. Upon which Wilson grew cordial and chatty, rejoicing in the delightful recreation her tongue would enjoy that evening.

Afy's account of herself, as to past proceedings, was certainly not the most satisfactory in the world, but, altogether, taken in the present, it was so vast an improvement upon Joyce's conclusions, that she had not felt so elated for many a day. When Mr. Carlyle returned home, Joyce sought him, and acquainted him with what had happened; that Afy was come; was maid to Lady Mount Severn; and, above all, that she had never been with Richard Hare.

"Ah! you remember what I said, Joyce," he remarked. "That I did not believe Afy was with Richard Hare."

"I have been telling her so, sir, and she says you have got more sense than all West Lynne put together."

Mr. Carlyle laughed.

"A terrible way she was in, to be sure, when I informed her what people had believed," continued Joyce. "She nearly went into one of her old passions."

"Does she seem steady, Joyce?"

"I think so, sir—steady for her. I was thinking, sir, that as she appears to have turned out so respectable, and is with Lady Mount Severn, you, perhaps, might see no objection to her sleeping here for to-night. It would be better than for her to go to the inn, as she talks of doing."

"None at all," replied Mr. Carlyle. "Let her remain."

Later in the evening, after Mr. Carlyle's dinner, a message came that Afy was to go to him. Accordingly, she proceeded to his presence.

"So, Afy! you have returned to let West Lynne know that you are alive. Sit down."

"West Lynne may go a-walking for me in future, sir, for all the heed I shall take of it," retorted Afy. "A set of wicked-minded scandal-mongers, to take and say I had gone after Richard Hare!"

"You should not have gone off at all, Afy."

"Well, sir, that was my business, and I chose to go. I could not stop in the cottage after that night's work."

"There is a mystery attaching to that night's work, Afy," observed Mr. Carlyle; "a mystery that I cannot fathom. Perhaps you can help me out."

"What mystery, sir?" returned Afy.

Mr. Carlyle leaned forward, his arms on the table; Afy had taken a chair at the other end of it. "Who was it that committed the murder?" he demanded, in a grave and somewhat imperative tone.

Afy stared some moments before she replied, astonished at the question. "Who committed the murder, sir!" she uttered at length. "Richard Hare committed it. Everybody knows that."

"Did you see it done?"

"No," replied Afy. "If I had seen it, the fright and horror would have killed me. Richard Hare quarrelled with my father, and drew the gun upon him in passion."

"You assume this to have been the case, Afy, as others have assumed it. I do not think that it was Richard Hare who killed your father."

"Not Richard Hare!" exclaimed Afy, after a pause. "Then who do you think did it, sir?—I?"

"Nonsense, Afy."

"I know he did it," proceeded Afy. "It is true that I did not see it done, but I know it, after all that. I know it, sir."

"You cannot know it, Afy."

"I do know it, sir; I would not assert it to you, if I did not. If Richard Hare were here, present before us, and swore till he was black in the face, that it was not he, I could convict him!"

"By what means?"

"I had rather not say, sir. But you may believe me, for I am speaking truth."

"There was another friend of yours present that evening, Afy. Lieutenant Thorn."

Afy's face turned crimson; she was evidently surprised. But Mr. Carlyle's speech and manner were authoritative, and she saw it would be useless to attempt to trifle with him.

"I know he was, sir. A young chap, who used to ride over some evenings to see me. He had nothing to do with what occurred."

"Where did he ride from?"

"He was stopping with some friends at Swainson. He was nobody, sir."

"What was his name?" questioned Mr. Carlyle.

"Thorn," said Afy.

"I mean his real name. Thorn was an assumed name."

"Oh, dear no," returned Afy. "Thorn was his name."

Mr. Carlyle paused and looked at her.

"Afy, I have reason to believe that Thorn was only an assumed name. Now, I have a motive for wishing to know his real one, and you would very much oblige me by confiding it to me. What was it?"

"I don't know that he had any other name, sir; I am sure he had no other," persisted Afy. "He was Lieutenant Thorn then, and he was Captain Thorn, afterward."

"You have seen him since?"

"Once in a way we have met."

"Where is he now?"

"Now! Oh, my goodness, I don't know anything about him now," uttered Afy. "I have not heard of him or seen him for a long while. I think I heard something about his going to India with his regiment."

"What regiment is he in?"

"I'm sure I don't know about that," said Afy. "Is not one regiment the same as another; they are all in the army, aren't they, sir?"

"Afy, I must find this Captain Thorn. Do you know anything of his family?"

Afy shook her head. "I don't think he had any. I never heard him mention so much as a brother or a sister."

"And you persist in saying his name was Thorn."

"I persist in saying it because it was his name. I am positive it was his name."

"Afy, shall I tell you why I want to find him? I believe that it was he who murdered your father; not Richard Hare."

Afy's mouth and eyes gradually opened, and her face turned hot and cold alternately. Then passion mastered her, and she burst forth.

"It's a lie! I beg your pardon, sir, but whoever told you that, told you a lie. Thorn had no more to do with it than I had; I'll swear it."

"I tell you, Afy, I believe Thorn to have been the man. You were not present; you cannot know who actually did it."

"Yes I can, and do know,' said Afy, bursting into tears of hysterical passion. "Thorn was with me when it happened, so it could not have been Thorn. It was that wicked Richard Hare. Sir, have I not said that I'll swear it."

"Thorn was with you—at the moment of the murder?" repeated Mr. Carlyle.

"Yes he was," shrieked Afy, nearly beside herself with emotion. "Whoever has been trying to put it off Richard Hare, and on to him, is a wicked, false-hearted wretch. It was Richard Hare, and nobody else, and I hope he'll be hung for it yet."

"You are telling me the truth, Afy?" gravely spoke Mr. Carlyle.

"Truth!" echoed Afy, flinging up her hands. "Would I tell a lie over my poor father's death? If Thorn had done it, would I screen him, or shuffle it off to Richard Hare? No, no."

Mr. Carlyle felt uncertain and bewildered. That Afy was sincere in what she said, was but too apparent. He spoke again, but Afy had risen from her chair to leave.

"Locksley was in the wood that evening; Otway Bethel was in it. Could either of them have been the culprit?"

"No, sir," firmly retorted Afy, "the culprit was Richard Hare; and I'd say it with my latest breath—I'd say it because I know it—though I don't choose to say how I know it; time enough when he gets taken."

She quitted the room, leaving Mr. Carlyle in a state of puzzled bewilderment. Was he to believe Afy? or was he to believe the bygone assertion of Richard Hare?

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 31.)

Literary Treasures.

In the library of Mr. J. T. Fields, of Boston, among other literary valuables there is a quarto volume containing the following poetic treasures, all in the handwriting of their authors: Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," and "Excelsior;" Bryant's "Thanatopsis;" Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris;" Browning's "How they brought the good news;" Mrs. Browning's "Sleep;" Kingsley's "Three Fishers;" Barry Cornwall's "The Sea! the Sea!" Tom Moore's "Dear Harp of My Country;" Mrs. Hemans's "Things That Change;" John Howard Payne's "Sweet Home;" Woodworth's "Old Oaken Bucket;" Whittier's "Barbara Frietchie;" Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee;" Allan Cunningham's "Song of Richard Faulkner;" N. P. Willis's "Belfry Pigeon;" Pierpont's "Passing Away;" Holmes's "Old Ironsides," and "The Last Leaf;" Lowell's "Washers of the Shroud;" Bates's "Speak Gently;" Charles Sprague's "Winged Worshippers;" T. B. Read's "Sheridan's Ride;" Emerson's "Concord Monument Hymn," and "The Titmouse;" S. F. Smith's "My Country 'tis of Thee;" Tennyson's "Bugle Song;" and many other well-known poems besides these, including lines in the handwriting of Wordsworth, Keats, Campbell, Byron, Rogers, Montgomery, Lander, Alexander Smith, William Morris, Swinbourne, Motherwell, Beranger and Charles Lamb.

A Naughty Philadelphia Girl.

A young girl of Philadelphia, who is now on her travels, went to Westminster, and condescended to admire the great abbey. With admiration came the desire of possession. The whole abbey was too large to be removed, so she quietly took a penknife from her pocket and cut off a piece of the chair of Edward the Confessor. She was arrested, and as she was very pretty, they let her off with $500—the price would have been higher if she had been plainer. Not content with this, she serenely journeyed to Dresden, in search of new worlds to conquer. While visiting a church there she attempted to possess herself of some flowers from a shrine. In pulling them off she overturned the image of the Virgin, to the infinite horror of the custodians of the church. For this pleasing freak her father paid $2,500. Her beauty probably made the fine small on this occasion also; but fancy the panic in that family if she had had red hair and freckles! And if she had been a forbidding female of uncertain age, I dare not dwell on the financial crisis that must certainly have ensued.

☞ Two sisters residing within six miles of each other near Bennington, Vermont, have not seen each other for about thirty years. There is not and never has been any ill feeling between them, but it has "just happened so."

TRUE GOLD.

There had been a railway accident near the little village. Some carriages had left the rails, and lay crushed and shattered by the bank, the cries of the passengers thrilling painfully through the quiet evening air. Men who were harvesting close by flung down their sickles and hastened to help; kind-hearted women came running from the cottages to give eager assistance.

Mr. Reginald Garth was sitting at tea with his sister in the little rose-shadowed porch, after a long day's ride to his patients, when the sad tidings were brought by half a dozen imperative voices calling for the "doctor." He hastened into the surgery for some surgical appliances, told Miss Lottie to prepare to receive some of the sufferers, and hastened across the meadows, that were glowing with sunset light, till he reached the spot, where most of the passengers had been rescued from their terrible position. Some of them had struggled out, and sat on the bank, faint and trembling, but unhurt; others lay still and senseless; some were dead.

Mr. Garth took the lead at once in that horror-stricken crowd, and sent for hurdles and soft coverings to convey the wounded to shelter. Those who, unhurt themselves, had friends among the stricken, crowded round the young surgeon in painful eagerness.

"Look at my child!" exclaimed a tall, handsome woman in frenzied accents. "Oh, doctor, do something for him!"

Mr. Garth bent over the little form lying so calmly on the grass, with a look of peace on the white face. Hot tears rose in the tender-hearted surgeon's eyes.

"He will never wake again on earth, madam," he said, gently.

"You're wanted more over here, doctor," called a big farmer from the village, touching Mr. Garth as he tried to ease the pain of a man who had received a terrible blow on the shoulder. Mr. Garth followed the speaker quickly.

Just drawn out of the debris and laid on the bank were two young women. The farmer's wife was kneeling beside them, chafing the small white hands of the younger. Mr. Garth stopped at the first for a few moments.

"Dead!" he said, sadly, and he passed on to the other, whose head was resting on the shoulder of the farmer's wife. Her hat had fallen off, and her soft curly brown hair was matted with blood, that still trickled in a tiny stream over her light travelling dress.

Mr. Garth bound up the wound carefully, looking with grave pity at the fair young face.

"She will require the greatest care—I fear the worst."

"We will take both of them to Budleigh," said the farmer, who had summoned his spring-cart—"they seem as if they were together."

"Mistress and maid," suggested the surgeon.

They were laid in the thick straw, the living and dead together, and taken gently across the grass field to the low-roofed farm-house. The surgeon had two of the most severely wounded moved to his own house, and the rest found eagerly offered care and shelter elsewhere.

Soon the spot was still again where the terrible tragedy had taken place, and the starry sheen down from the quiet autumn sky.

All night the surgeon and a physician who had been summoned from London were busy. In the gray light of the morning they were called to Budleigh. The young lady had roused from her swoon in feverish delirium. The two men held a consultation over the case.

"Her friends should be sent for," said the physician. "Is she known?"

No; none of the passengers knew her, or remembered at what station she had got in. The farmer's wife produced a pocket-book and a letter, and a handsome silver card-case, which had been found in the pocket of the wounded girl.

"Margaret Wardour"—that was the name on the cards; and the letter had the same superscription, and was signed with the name of a well-known London lawyer. It contained an inquiry as to when a promised interview about some business was to take place.

Mr. Garth wrote out a brief message to the lawyer on the back of his letter, and sent it off to the nearest telegraph office by the farmer's man.

It was in the middle of the coroner's inquest, while the surgeon was giving his evidence, that the lawyer arrived.

His first act was to identify the body of the young woman who had been found with Margaret Wardour. It was that of Miss Wardour's maid, as the surgeon had surmised—Sarah Weston, aged twenty-eight. When the inquest was over, the lawyer shook his head at the suggestion that the young lady's friends should be sent for.

"To the best of my belief she has no friends," he told the surgeon—"in England, at any rate. Till within the last few weeks she has resided in a German school as English governess. Before that she was in India."

"Has she no relations or guardians?" asked Mr. Garth.

"She is of age," said the lawyer. "Poor girl, it would be hard for her to die! She has just succeeded, as the last of the family, to a very large fortune. She must have every care, Mr Garth."

"Of course," answered the surgeon.

The lawyer went back by the last train, and the friendless heiress lay hovering between life and death. Youth and care, however, won the battle at last, light slowly came back to the dark eyes, and the surgeon could hope for the best.

The farmer had no children, but there was a little girl who had come in the summer to stay at the farmhouse, a little, town-bred, shy creature, who had few childlike ways about her. A great friendship was struck up between Miss Wardour and this child—a friendship that was very strange in its quiet depth and intensity. When the dark winter days came, and the invalid could walk a little up and down the garden, little Ida was always her companion, walking soberly beside her, talking in the low, hushed tone that in a child is painfully eloquent of a crushed heart. She made Miss Wardour the confidant of all her sorrows, and Margaret soon understood as well as the child the old life that had been so strange and mournful.

The beautiful young mother had died when Ida was four years old, leaving her little girl only the memory of a sweet face. Margaret loved to hear Ida speak of her, feeling a keen sympathy with the young child's loneliness.

"Tell me something about you," Ida would say sometimes; and Miss Wardour would tell her of her happy life in India with her father and sister.

"And did they both die, like mamma?" the child asked one day.

"Yes, papa is dead, and Nina is lost;" and Margaret's face shadowed with pain.

"Lost?" inquired the child, curiously.

"Yes. We lost her years ago. She was much older than I was; and I remember her so well. She had eyes like yours, Ida."

Thus they would converse, walking up and down in the brief morning sunlight, or sitting by the pleasant fireside. Miss Wardour seemed in no hurry to leave the farm, and the owners were only too glad to keep her there. A dainty little pony-carriage was added to the establishment, and Margaret drove about the country lanes with Ida by her side. They often met the young surgeon on his horse, and he would raise his hat, or stop and shake hands, and murmur some commonplaces about the weather, and inquire after Miss Wardour's health in a cold, professional manner, very unlike his frank, genial heartiness with people in general.

Through the depth of that winter he never came to the farm for weeks together, though often in his homeward ride at night he would stop at the garden gate and listen to Margaret's sweet voice singing old German ballads that thrilled the surgeon's heart. The heiress loved to sing, and their sad refrains haunted the young man through his daily work.

"You are working too hard, Rex," said his sister, one evening, after she had been silently watching his pale, thoughtful face for some time. "Why don't you drink your tea?"

"I was thinking," he replied, and he started and raised his cup to his lips.

"Thinking! You are always thinking! Why can't you be content with your practice, and leave those old books alone? What's the good of all your study and thinking, I should like to know, Rex?"

"It gives me something to do," he said, and he smiled at her, as he stirred his tea.

"You don't need that, I'm sure. Your patients keep you pretty well occupied. There," as the bell sounded—"you can't have your tea in peace!"

The interruption came in the shape of a note. Mr. Garth read it, and put it down by his plate.

"It is from Miss Wardour," he said to his sister. "She wants me to go over to Budleigh."

"Ill again?" questioned Miss Lottie, rather sharply. "It's little Ida then. The child seems to be ailing, and they are nervous about her. There's no great hurry."

He finished his tea, hardly hearing his sister Lottie's grumbling remarks about people in general. She brought his overcoat and umbrella—for the rain was coming down fast—and made him wrap up his throat warmly.

"You are an ungrateful boy!" she remarked, as he resisted the infliction of a large muffler. "Your wife won't have half such forethought for you!"

Reginald sighed as he went out through the little passage.

"I should like to see Miss Wardour's writing," thought Miss Garth, as she went back to the tea-table and looked about for the little note. But it was gone.

* * * * *

The pleasant sitting-room at the farm was aglow with light. Tea was over, and Mrs. Evans, the farmer's wife, had gone out, on household thoughts intent. Ida lay sleeping on a low sofa by the fire, and Miss Wardour sat by her side, looking gravely at the leaping red flames. Her face was still pale and delicate from her recent illness, though a soft, exquisite color tinged her cheeks. She was looking very pretty and graceful in a blue silk dress trimmed with costly white lace round the open sleeves and square-cut bodice.

Tokens of wealth were scattered over the room, giving a strange, bizarre appearance to its quaint furniture—beautiful books, a harp and piano, some handsome statuettes and pictures, and numberless little trifles that told of the presence of one to whom money was of small consideration.

Hark! There was a step on the garden path. Miss Wardour rose, went out softly, and opened the hall door. The light streamed after her, making to the eyes of Mr. Garth a fair picture of that slight, graceful figure in the blue dress.

"Good evening, Mr. Garth. Ida is asleep. You are wet, I fear."

"It is raining," he said, briefly, taking off his overcoat.

"Have you had tea?" asked Miss Wardour. "I hope my note did not bring you out in this wretched weather?"

"Weather is never studied by a doctor, Miss Wardour," he said. "My patient is asleep, then?"

He stopped by the sofa as he spoke.

"Hush! Please don't wake her. You won't mind waiting for awhile."

"Oh, no."

He sat down by the table, and Margaret went quietly out of the room. She came back in a few minutes with a little tray, bearing a cup of tea and a few delicate slices of bread-and-butter, and put it down before the surgeon.

"Your sister will scold me for bringing you out," she said, gayly.

"Oh, Miss Wardour, why did you trouble yourself—I had finished tea."

"Come, you must drink it. Do you take sugar? I hope the tea will be strong enough."

With a flush on his grave face he took the cup from her hands. Something of his thought Margaret guessed, for she, too, blushed very prettily, and rose and stood on the hearth-rug. Mr. Garth rose too, and stood opposite her, with the cup of tea in his hand.

"You don't favor us often with your visits, Mr. Garth," observed Margaret, with a little reproach in her manner.

"I have struck you off the sick-list, you know, Miss Wardour."

"Yes, I am quite well now. If I had not fallen into such good hands, I should have died, I feel sure."

"It takes a good deal to conquer youth," observed the surgeon.

"It was all so kindly done," said Miss Wardour, not noticing the last remark. "And you would all have been as kind if I had not been rich, I know."

"Of course," responded the surgeon, rather coldly.

Tears were gathering in Miss Wardour's dark violet eyes, and her voice trembled as she spoke. She looked up in the young surgeon's face. He put the cup on the chimney-piece, and gazed steadily at the fire. One glance at the shy, sweet eyes, and he felt his resolve would fail him. Miss Wardour sat down in her low chair by the sofa, and played restlessly with her rings. Ida was still asleep. The firelight leaped and flickered over the two troubled faces.

"What ought I to do with my money?" said Miss Wardour, suddenly. "It is a terrible responsibility; I almost wish it were buried in the sea."

Mr. Garth looked down at her; her eyes were drooping, and she did not see that tender, regretful glance.

"Ah, you don't know what money can give, Miss Wardour—flattery, luxury, ease, admiration, friends."

"Ah, no! You must stop there. Friends it can never give. My only friends in England are in this little village—this child, and Mr. and Mrs. Evans, and you," she added, hesitatingly—"you are my friend, are you not?"

She looked up wistfully at him, but his eyes were bent steadily on the fire. For a moment he hesitated. Wild words were trembling on his lips, but he kept them back, and said earnestly—

"I hope I am. May I take the privilege of a friend and speak frankly to you?"

"Yes, indeed," was her ready reply.

"Don't be angry—don't think me presumptuous—but, Miss Wardour, you ought not to stay here. Your wealth gives you the right to occupy a position in society very different from this—it is your duty to take it. It is for a wise purpose that riches have come to you; and you should not shrink from meeting your responsibilities. Forgive me if I have said too much."

Miss Wardour did not answer. She sat looking straight before her, every vestige of color gone from her face.

"Do you really think that I ought to go back again into the wide world?" she said, at last, in a low hoarse whisper.

"You will find there better friends, a more fitting home than you can have here. We shall all miss you."

"Thank you," she said, after a pause, and she put her hand up over her eyes. "I will think it over."

They did not break the silence again till Ida awoke and Mrs. Evans came in. Mr. Garth said that Ida's illness would soon pass off, being merely a slight cold, and he ordered the child to bed.

He went away before Margaret came back from seeing Ida warm and asleep in her little cot. Miss Wardour did not notice his absence. She sat down by the fire and talked to Mrs. Evans, and her harp was left untouched.

* * * * *

Some evenings afterward there was a party at the Rectory. Margaret was there, the centre of attraction to the half-dozen gentlemen farmers and curates that composed the male portion of the company. She was talking gayly, late in the evening, to one of her clerical admirers when the surgeon entered. He sat down near the door, chatting to his hostess, and Margaret watched him furtively in the intervals of her mild flirtation.

"Ah, there's Garth!" said her companion, following her glance. "What a plain fellow he is!"

Miss Wardour raised her eyebrows in some astonishment. The surgeon's face was a very fine one, though with little regular beauty.

"You don't agree with me? Well, the ladies generally do like his look—he is a great favorite."

Margaret changed the subject, not caring to discuss the surgeon's character. He came over presently and shook hands with her.

"Are you enjoying yourself?" he asked.

"Is that spoken in malice prepense?" Margaret returned, ignoring the curate altogether. He moved away, and the surgeon took the vacant seat.

"You are looking tired, Miss Wardour," he said, kindly. "Don't overtax your strength."

"Oh, no. I am going away. I have taken your advice. There is an old friend of my father's now in London—General Macarthy. I am going on a long visit to him, and shall be presented at Court, I believe, and 'come out.' Oh, dear!"

"You will find London very different from this," he said.

"I suppose so. Remember, Mr. Garth, you told me to go. I would have stayed if you—"

She stopped short, and colored deeply and painfully.

"You mistake yourself," said the surgeon, in a low tone; "you think you would be happy here always, but such would not be the case. What you have missed would always haunt you, and make a dark side to the brightest picture."

"And my feelings have nothing to do with your advice?" said Miss Wardour, half questioningly. Mr. Garth made no answer.

"I am going," she added, after a pause—"going to-morrow."

"I hope you will be happy—I am sure you will," he said, warmly.

"Thank you," she returned, briefly. Somebody claimed her attention at that moment, and the conversation was broken off. Mr. Garth saw little of her after that—and on the morrow she was going!

* * * * *

Next morning there was a good deal of bustle at Budleigh—Miss Wardour was going away. She stood dressed in the sitting-room, sobbing bitterly, with Ida in her arms, when Mrs. Evans came in with a telegram in her hand.

"See here, Miss Wardour. What am I to do?"

Margaret read the message.

"From Lady Dryburne to Mr. Evans, Budleigh. Send Miss Ida Gay at once to Tremleigh—Lord Dryburne is very ill."

"Ida's guardian," remarked the heiress. "What can they want with the child?"

"She must go," said the farmer's wife. "Tremleigh is right the other side of the county. What am I to do?"

"I will take her there," answered Margaret; "she can go with me now, and I can go on to London afterward."

Mrs. Evans caught eagerly at the proposal. Ida was soon dressed, and she and Miss Wardour drove at once to the station.

Tremleigh was reached in a couple of hours. Margaret left her luggage in charge of a porter, and went with Ida down the short stretch of road that led to Lord Dryburne's residence.

"Do you know your guardian?" she asked of Ida.

The child's description was of one who was very kind, but who had never touched the affections of that little lonely heart. She had seen him only when fresh arrangements had had to be made about her home, owing to change and death.

Margaret started when they entered the gates of the garden. All the blinds of the house were down. Death was there. She went up to the door, and rang the muffled bell. The servant took her card, and showed her into a little ante-room. In a few minutes a stately woman, with a face whose quiet anguish was sad to see, made her appearance. She took Ida's hand and kissed her forehead before she spoke to Margaret.

"You are too late," she said. "Lord Dryburne died an hour ago. You are Ida's aunt, I suppose?"

"Her aunt?" cried Margaret. "Oh, no!"

"Your name led me to think so," observed the lady. "Her mother's name was Wardour." A thousand undreamed-of coincidences began to crowd on Margaret's mind.

"Forgive me, madam. Do you know the Christian name?"

"My husband's first wife was called Nina Wardour," and, seeing Margaret's startled face, she added, "Our family name is Gay."

"She was my sister," said Margaret, in a choked voice. "Madame, was she Lord Dryburne's wife?"

"Yes. I never knew it till yesterday. It is a sad, sad story. She died years ago, Miss Wardour."

"She left her home without a word," observed Margaret, sorrowfully. "My father died not knowing whether she was dead or living. We never knew that she was married. Forgive me, dear madam—you are in great trouble."

"My husband repented bitterly of the wrong he had done your sister by not allowing her to write to her family. Fear of his own kept him from avowing the marriage, and, when she died so young, the temptation was great to let the past still rest in oblivion. He told me all yesterday, and left me his child to take care of. I have none of my own. Will you leave her with me, Miss Wardour? It will help me to bear my trouble. We have only been married a year," she added.

The shock of the discovery was very great. Margaret sat still, with her niece's hand tightly clasped in her own, thinking sadly. Time passed swiftly on, and she must catch her train. Ida was somewhat unwilling to be left, and Margaret's heart was almost broken to leave her now that a new tie of love was between them. But there was no help for it. Lady Dryburne was her rightful guardian, and seemed anxious to take a mother's place to the little orphaned waif. Margaret went back to the station alone, thinking it all over, and calling up the memories of her dead sister, and the handsome young nobleman who had persuaded her to leave her father's house.

The train was nearing London, when another thought came upon her like a terrible surprise. Ida was her sister's child. Her sister was the elder, and consequently, had she lived, would have been rightful heiress to the wealth that had come to Margaret. Hence it belonged to Ida—Ida was the heiress.

Margaret was thoroughly unselfish, but she would have been more than human not to feel a keen sense of regret at the loss of what had been so pleasant to contemplate. Presently yet another idea, born of that painful chain of thought, occurred to her, and nestled deep down in her troubled, aching heart like a sweet message of peace.

* * * * *

General Macarthy was waiting at Euston Station for his visitor, and very soon she was seated in a gay London drawing-room, receiving the polished welcome of Lady Jane, the general's pretty, bland wife. Margaret was petted and caressed as much as she could have wished, had it all been real.

The dinner party consisted of the family and a few select visitors; and for the first time Margaret was introduced to London society. It was a brilliant scene, one that she remembered ever afterward. The bright room, the dazzling lights, the luxuriously-appointed table, gay with silver and glass and flowers, the company so exquisitely dressed, so perfect in manner—all made up a whole that dazzled and bewildered Miss Wardour. For that evening she received the honors of the heiress with a graceful dignity that charmed her hosts. Lady Jane embraced the young girl affectionately when she bade her good-night.

"We must love each other very much," she said; "and when you are a little more accustomed to us, you will feel at home. Charles will be home next week from Windsor. He is in the Guards, you know."

Margaret smiled to herself when her hostess was gone.

"To-morrow," she thought—"ah, I shall distinguish gold from tinsel soon."

The morrow dawned, and Margaret sent a letter to her lawyer, requesting him to call upon her. Till then she listened to Lady Jane's florid compliments, and thought of the little country village far away.

The lawyer came, and Margaret went down to the library and told her story. She was quite prepared for his answer. She knew what it would be; and yet the news caused a keener pang when told by him.

"It is a great blow to you," the lawyer remarked, kindly. "I am very sorry."

"I must leave you to make all arrangements, and tell me what I have to do," said Margaret. "I will give you Lady Dryburne's address—she is Ida's guardian, it seems."

The lawyer took his departure, and Margaret went back to the drawing-room to take her true position.

"Is the terrible business over?" asked Lady Jane. "What a thing it is to be troubled with money!"

"I shall not be troubled with it long," observed Margaret.

"Ah, you want somebody to help you to take care of it," commented Lady Jane; "very wise of you, my dear."

"I don't mean that. I have been sailing under false colors, Lady Jane. This money isn't mine really—it belongs to my sister's daughter. I have just made arrangements for giving it up."

"Your sister!" cried Lady Jane. "You are joking!"

"No; I was the younger, you know, and this fortune didn't belong to me at all—it's a miserable mistake;" and she recited the principal events of the story.

Lady Jane's face grew colder and colder as the certainty of Margaret's loss became apparent. She uttered the usual condolences that rise to people's lips in any trouble.

"I would offer you a home here," she said, hesitatingly, "but Charlie is so expensive, and really—"

"Oh, don't trouble yourself, please; I shall go back to my teaching in Germany. I am accustomed to be poor. Thank you very much for your hospitality, Lady Jane; I will go back to-day to Budleigh."

"What! Won't you stay a day or two?" exclaimed her ladyship, looking intensely relieved.

"No, thank you; the sooner I get to work again the better."

"And I dare say you have plenty of friends?" said Lady Jane.

"Oh, yes; you know I have been an heiress for six months," returned Margaret, smiling. She could smile now, even though she had discovered of what tinsel the friendship of yesterday was composed.

General Macarthy was a little more cordial than his wife, but they were both much relieved to see Margaret depart in the express. She went by the express though no longer an heiress—her heart was throbbing with impatience to get back to Budleigh.

It was still bright daylight when she arrived at the station, and, leaving her luggage to be sent on, she walked along the footpaths that led from the station to the village.

She passed the meadow over which she had been carried more dead than alive on that autumn evening. The sun was setting now as she walked up the garden path of the farmhouse and into the old fashioned sitting-room. Mrs. Evans was there, mending socks.

"My dear Miss Wardour—my child!" Margaret put her arms round her, and laid her head on the motherly breast, crying, in sheer excitement and nervousness—

"I am going to Germany, and I came back to see you all again. I have lost all my money, Mrs. Evans."

It was long before the farmer's wife could understand that little Ida was the heiress and Margaret's niece, and that she was never coming back to the farm any more. Margaret had to tell the story over again to Mr. Evans, and it was late for their primitive life when the household retired to rest.

Margaret's eyes had not closed the night before. She slept soundly now in her old room, and it was late in the morning before she awoke.

After breakfast she wrote to Lady Dryburne and Ida, and to the principal of the school where she had been English teacher for some years. The day was bright and fair, indeed quite spring-like, and putting on her hat and shawl, she went out to post her letters.

The post-office was on the other side of the village, but there was a path that led to it by the fields, and very pleasant it was that morning. Margaret reached the last stile, and sat down to rest on the broad step. The road took a sudden curve into the village just beyond, but no sound or sight of human life reached her here. The morning sunshine gleamed over the flat, green landscape. The birds sang in the trees overhead. A breath of waking life was in the air. Margaret sat and looked round on the beauty of the scene, and thought, if all else were lost, this would remain, and Heaven be bright above.

The sound of a man's voice humming a tune came through the clear air. It drew near with a man's quick step. Margaret recognized, in some surprise, the air of one of her German songs. A sudden wild tremor seized her as voice and step came nearer. She started up, and walked quickly back along the field, her face flushing deeply. The man jumped over the stile, and she heard the voice stop, and the steps grow quicker as he recognized her. At the next stile she stopped, for the step sounded close at hand. She turned and held out her hand.

"I have surprised you, Mr. Garth."

"You have; but it is a pleasant surprise," he said, though he looked even more pale and troubled than she did. "Are you going to Budleigh?"

"Yes—to the post," replied Margaret.

"This way, then," he said, with a smile, which brought the color back to her cheeks. She turned, and he turned with her.

"I thought you were going to London, Miss Wardour?"

"I have been—and I have had some strange experiences since I saw you last. I have lost my money for one thing, and I have found a niece for another."

Mr. Garth looked incredulous.

"I will tell you the whole story," she said.

By this time they had reached the stile again, and Margaret sat down on the step and recited her recent experiences. Reginald listened, his face changing almost every minute.

"I have done with heiress-ship and its troubles," said Margaret, in conclusion. "Don't you wish me joy of being an independent person once more? I am going back to Germany next week."

"You took my advice once, you know," said Mr. Garth, rather unsteadily.

"Yes. But I am no heiress now, and can please myself."

"But you will let me give you one more bit of advice," entreated Mr. Garth, "only this once—I will promise never to obtrude in like manner again."

"Well, what is it? Don't make it as long as Mentor's remarks to poor Telemachus."

"Don't go to Germany," said Mr. Garth, in a low voice. "Stay here. When I said you ought to go to London, I loved you better than myself, and my very love gave me strength to beg you to take your right position in the world. But now, Margaret—"

The intense earnestness of his manner checked the light words that rose to her lips. In happy silence she sat listening to the manly avowal of his love. He had no need of words from her to learn her decision. It was written on the blushing face and in the drooping eyes.

"I love you better than you do me," asserted Miss Wardour, sagely, as they walked up and down the footpath.

"Little Miss Ignorance!" he retorted, smiling.

"I do. I would have married you if you had had fifty thousand a year, or twice as much. You would have made us both miserable because I was the lucky owner (apparently) of a good share of this world's goods."

"If I had had the money, it would have been all right," he answered.

"You were proud, sir—confess it!" she demanded, imperiously.

"Oh, Margaret!" was all he answered.

* * * * *

Five years have elapsed since Margaret's marriage day. She stands in her garden with a baby in her arms, and two more children tumbling on the grass close beside her. She is waiting for her husband—for they are lovers yet, still in the happy fairy land of courtship. They have had their share of vexations and cares. The surgeon's income is not large, and Margaret has to work hard to make things meet. But the bills somehow get paid, and the children grow and prosper, and not a shadow has yet fallen on the wedded love of the Garths.

As Margaret stands and waits, singing softly to her baby, a carriage comes up the hill and stops at the gate.

Margaret gives the child to the nurse, and goes to greet her visitors—a stately lady and a tall, slight girl with thin white cheeks that have a spot of hectic color on them. The girl throws herself into Mrs. Garth's arms with a half-hysterical exclamation.

"Oh, Aunt Margaret, I have come back to you—I have come back to die!"

It is a great surprise, for when Margaret last heard they were travelling in the South for Ida's health. She leads her visitors in, while Lady Dryburne explains how Ida has grown weaker and weaker, and how she has longed to see her aunt and home once more.

Mr. Garth, looking little older, comes in, and welcomes his guests warmly. He sighs as he looks at Ida's face. It is too true—she has come back to die. A few short months, full of tender care, pass, and the frail little blossom fades and dies. All that love and wealth can do is done, but all is of no avail to keep back the sickle of the Reaper.

* * * * * *

Ida was gone, and the wealth that Margaret had lost came back to her. She was again a rich woman; and the money seemed to bring poor little Ida's blessing with it to the surgeon's home.

Wealth to him and Margaret meant so much added help and comfort to the sick and suffering around them—so much more opportunity of doing good.

Such lives as they lead must be happy, whatever troubles come.

☞ Speaking of the recent elections in England, the Court Journal says: A very good hit was made, a day or two after an election, by one of the defeated candidates. A gentleman approached him with, "Well, Mr. ——, how do you feel?" "Well," said he, "I feel, I suppose, pretty much as Lazarus did." "As Lazarus did!" said the first speaker. "How is that?" "Why," said he, "Lazarus was licked by dogs, and so was I."

EVERY LADY SHOULD HAVE A SET OF

GOODRICH'S "SPRING" TEMPERED HEMMERS

Consisting of Four Widths and a Dress Binder. Sent by Mail on Receipt of Price.

For Sale by all Sewing Machine Agents. Price, Only One Dollar. H. C. GOODRICH, 205 State Street, CHICAGO, ILL. 103 N. 10th St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Inventor of The Goodrich Tuck Marker.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

CHEAP READING.

OLD NUMBERS OF "THE LADY'S FRIEND."

The former publishers of "The Lady's Friend" have on hand a number of old copies of that admirable Magazine—in good condition, and full of choice engravings, stories, &c.—for the ten years from 1864 to September 1873 inclusive.

We have a few complete sets for 1863, 1866, 1867, 1868, 1869, 1870, (except April,) 1871 and 1873 (except January). For the other years, the sets are not complete—being deficient however often in only one number.

We will supply single copies of these old Magazines for ten cents each, and, when twelve copies or more are taken, for seventy-five cents the dozen.

We will also prepay the postage when ordered by mail in all cases.

For old subscribers to that Magazine whose sets of The Lady's Friend are incomplete—or for those who desire to get some good magazine reading and beautiful engravings at a very cheap price, this is a desirable opportunity.

Address,

DEACON & PETERSON,

319 Walnut Street, Philada.

HOUSEKEEPERS! Electro-Silicon is guaranteed to be the best article known for cleansing and polishing Gold, Silver, Plated Ware, etc. Try it. Sold by Druggists, house-furnishing stores and jewelers. Wholesale by JOHNSTON HOLLOWAY & CO., 602 Arch St., Phila'a. mch7-82t

LADIES SHOULD BE CAREFUL IN SELECTING a toilet article for the complexion, and not be imposed upon by the vile liquid compounds which are so extensively advertised. *Madame de Rosse's Amber* gives more satisfaction than any preparation ever in use. Price, 50 cents. Miller Bros., 113 Maiden Lane, N. Y. fe28-82t

GROVER & BAKER'S IMPROVED LOCK-STITCH

SEWING MACHINES.

SIMPLE, DURABLE, RELIABLE, LIGHT RUNNING and EASILY OPERATED.

SALESROOMS:

736 BROADWAY, New York.

720 CHESTNUT St., Philadelphia. fe7-98t

"HOW FORTUNES ARE MADE IN WALL STREET."—A New Book, sent free, explaining how money can be made in Stock Speculations by investing from $10 to $100. L. W. HAMILTON & CO., Bankers, 48 Broad Street, New York. mch14-13t

PERFUME FOR THE BREATH, sweet and fragrant. Leaves a *lasting* and *delicious* odor. One package by mail 25 cents, 5 for $1. Address H. W. STARKE, Louisiana, Mo., Box 112. my2-2t

R. DOLLARD, 843 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA, Premier Artiste IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. nov28-ly

Profitable Employment.

Work for Everybody. Good Wages. Permanent Employment. Men and Women Wanted. Full particulars free. Address W. A. Henderson & Co., Cleveland, O., or St. Louis, Mo. dec27-26t

FOR SALE, A DOUBLE-CYLINDER PRINTING PRESS, built by Taylor. Bed 37 by 51 inches. Is in good running order, the Sunday Mercury having recently been printed upon it. Will make 4000 impressions an hour—has been run as fast as 5000. Apply at the office of The Saturday Evening Post, 319 Walnut St., Phila.

WHO WANTS WORK?

One new book is just out.

"EVERYBODY'S FRIEND."

JOSH BILLINGS' PEN

ILLUSTRATED BY

THOMAS NAST'S PENCIL.

Of course the book will sell like oysters at a general muster. Everybody's hungry for it. Send for circular and see what a chance we give to agents. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Conn.

AGENTS—READ THIS.

We will pay agents a salary of $25 per week and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our great discovery and Works of Art. Address THE WESTERN ART ASSOCIATION, Chicago, Ill. my2-2t

BUTTON-HOLE WORKER.

New and improved. Patented Feb. 3, 1874. It is the most useful invention of the age, and a wonderful triumph of inventive ingenuity and mechanical skill. So simple a child can work more perfect Button-Holes with it than the most experienced hand can without it. Will not get out of order; will last a lifetime. The stitching can be done fine or coarse, and with perfect mechanical accuracy. The arrangement for cutting button-holes is worth more than we ask for the whole. We want Agents, (ladies or gentlemen) everywhere. They sell at sight. Profits are immense. We send a sample Button-Hole Worker and Cutter, full directions for use, agent's price list and sample of our entirely new and novel way of canvassing, on receipt of 75 cents. Money letters are registered now for 8 cts. Satisfaction guaranteed. Mention this paper. A. W. WEBSTER & CO., Manufacturers, ap18-4t Bridgeport, Conn.

"EDEOGRAPHY." A new book on the art of Writing by Sound; a complete system of Phonetic Short Hand—the shortest, most simple, easy, and comprehensive, enabling any one in a short time, to report trials, speeches, sermons, &c. The Lord's Prayer is written with forty-nine strokes of the pen, and 140 words per minute. The unemployed should learn this art. Price by mail 50 cents. Agents wanted. Address T. W. EVANS & Co., 139 S. Seventh street, Philadelphia, Pa. feb21-cow7t

MONEY How to make Money honorably, easily and surely. 16 pages and valuable samples free. Address Heath & Taylor, Brooklyn, N. Y. ap4-cow4t

"TEMPORI PARENDUM."—12 Pieces of Choice Music mailed for 50 cts., or 5 cts. each. Catalogue sent free. J. E. WINNER, Eighth below Green, Philadelphia, Pa. ap25-4t

20 SHEETS OF CHOICE MUSIC, $1.

A choice selection of Vocal and Instrumental Music, by Strauss, Liszt, Thomas and other popular authors. Any ten mailed for $1. Send stamp for Catalogue. Address, BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, Publisher, ap18-4t No. 439 Third Avenue, New York.

$5 to $20 per day. Agents wanted. Terms Free. Address J. Brosson, Detroit, Mich. ap18-13t

AGENTS WANTED.—Articles entirely new. Catalogues free—samples 25 cents. Address Philadelphia Novelty Manufacturing Co., 604 Franklin street, Philadelphia, Pa. jan10-1y.

WORKING CLASS Male or Female, $36 a week; employment at home, day or evening; no capital; instructions and valuable package of goods sent free by mail. Address, with six cent return stamp, M. YOUNG & CO., 173 Greenwich St., N. Y. mch7-13t

AGENTS WANTED—Men or women; $34 a week or $100 forfeited. Valuable samples free. Address F. M. REED, 8th St., New York. mch7-52t

TRICKS. The VENETIAN WARBLER imitates perfectly all the different Birds and Animals, 10 cts. THE VANISHING CARD—a Card that will appear and disappear at the pleasure of the performer, a wonderful illusion, 15 cts. The BLACK ART; or, Magic Made Easy, a book, giving over 100 of the best and latest tricks with cards, coins, sleight-of-hand, etc, a wonderful book, 25 cts.; or the three, post paid by mail, for 35 cts. Address, O. T. MARTIN, Box 90, Hoboken, New Jersey. mch7-15t

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE HISTORY OF THE GRANGE MOVEMENT OR THE FARMER'S WAR AGAINST MONOPOLIES.

Being a full and authentic account of the struggles of the American Farmers against the extortions of the Railroad Companies, with a history of the rise and progress of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry. It sells at sight. Send for specimen pages and terms to Agents, and see why it sells faster than any other book. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING Co., Chicago, Ill., or Philadelphia, Pa. fe18-4t

Perine's Picture Publishing House.

AGENTS ALWAYS WANTED.

All kinds of Pictures, Frames, Cords, Nails, etc., supplied at WHOLESALE prices. Send for Catalogues. G. E. PERINE, 66 Reade Street, New York. fe28-13t

Patent Euchre Counter

Just What You Want.

PATENT EUCHRE COUNTERS.

Price, $1 25 a pair by mail, postage paid.

H. HUDGE & CO., fe28-13t P. O. box 115, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ANY ONE sending us the address of ten persons with 10 cents, will receive, *free*, a beautiful chromo and instructions how to get rich, postpaid. City Novelty Co., 108 South Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. fe14-13t

$5 to $20 per day at home. Terms Free. Address GEO. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. fe14-1y

THE WIZARD'S WONDERFUL CABINET.

A Budget of Wonders. Complete Apparatus to perform 25 Celebrated Tricks. Instructions for many others. Mailed for 25 Cents. Address BLACKIE & CO., 168 Broadway, New York. fe7-13t

Beardie A NEW DISCOVERY! A Chemical Triumph. Luxuriant Whiskers or Moustaches produced in 21 days. A success in every instance. Price, 25 cents a Package. Address, LEE & CO., 168 Sixth Avenue, New York. Safe and sure. fe7-13t

AGENTS WANTED for the new book, LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF Kit Carson by his comrade and friend, D. W. C. Peters, Brevet Lt. Col. and Surgeon, U. S. A., from facts dictated by himself. Three Years and Accurate Story of America's greatest HUNTER, TRAPPER, SCOUT and GUIDE ever published. It contains full and complete descriptions of the Life, Customs of the FAR WEST, as seen by Kit Carson, who lived among them all his life. It gives a full, reliable account of the MODOC WAR. As a work of HISTORY it is invaluable. A grand opportunity for agents to make money. Our illustrated circulars sent free to all applicants. Write and secure territory at once. DUSTIN, GILMAN & CO., Hartford, Conn. jan10-1f

SERPENTS' EGGS," 25c. "Magic Photographs," 25c. "Japanese Cry-stallets," 25c. "Magic Transfer Pictures," 25c. All post-paid. "Illustrated Book of Wonders," free for stamp. B. FOX & CO., 362 Canal St., N. Y. city. dec6-30t

For Marking Linen with Indelible Ink.

Emma E. Goodwin

The only neat and reliable manner is with one of our superior, and warranted silver, name-plates. Various styles made to order with Ink, brush, box, etc., complete. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 50c. Circular sent free. Address, THEODORE RUE, Quaker City Stencil Works, No. 234 Arch Street, Philada. mch14-13t

1776. INDEPENDENCE HALL. 1876.

AN ODE FOR THE CENTENNIAL.

BY GEORGE JOHNSON.

I.

Old Hall, we give thee greeting
From continent and isle;
The centuries are meeting
Above thine honored pile.
Broad to the skies
Our glad Land lies,
Basking in Freedom's smile.

II.

What memories throng upon us,
Richer than Runnymede!
A hundred years have shown us
The value of the seed
Our Fathers sowed
In tears and blood—
Aye, Time approves the deed.

III.

That glorious Declaration,
Old Hall, from thee went forth;
Within thy walls the nation
Had its triumphant birth.
No place to fame
Has greater claim,
Than classic spot of Earth!

IV.

Long, long within the steeple
The bell had silent hung;
Below, the waiting people
Listened to hear its tongue.
Hark! ne'er before
On any shore
So grand a peal was rung!

V.

The summer-vault of heaven
Could not contain the sound,
The continents were riven
To their remotest bound—
'Twas not alone
The Bell's glad tone—
God's voice was in the sound!

VI.

Dead as the dust of Edom
Old nations long had lain;
That mighty peal of freedom
Roused them to life again.
From living graves,
No longer slaves,
They rose once more to reign!

VII.

"Men are created equal;"
'Twas a simple thing to say,
But a dark and bloody sequel
Was dated from that day,
When infant right
And giant might
Engaged in desperate fray.

VIII.

The end was greater glory
Than the sword has often won.
We know the starry story
Of what was dared and done;
And thou, Old Hall,
Dost best recall
The dawn of Freedom's sun.

IX.

Those beams of blessing on us
A hundred years have shone;
The rights our Fathers won us,
Secure, are still our own.
My Land! arise
And recognize
The favors thou best known!

X.

Grateful and glad thy voicing
By every hearth should fall;
But centre thy rejoicing
Around the grand old Hall.
Welcome them here
From far and near,
The friendly Nations all.

XI.

Fling out the flag and pennon,
The festal scene to grace;
Let the unshotted cannon
Thunder its solemn bass,
While hand and bell
The rapture swell,
And joy lights every face.

XII.

Let Industry, displaying
Her varied triumphs, stand
Crowned in our midst, surveying
Her good work in the land—
Her rich increase,
While Power and Peace
Attend her, hand in hand.

XIII.

Glad sight! Old Hall, repeated
May it for ages be,
Unless, of Freedom cheated,
We fall, perhaps ere then.
No, no; our Land
Still strong must stand,
An Empire of the Free!

XIV.

Yet Freedom's favor waneth
Where greed takes foremost place;
As sovereign she reigneth
With an exacting grace;
She will not stay
Where men decay,
But loves a virtuous race.

The Christmas Fete---or Fate.

BY MABEL PERCY.

It was the eve of Christmas, and the mother moon looked down with chilly kindliness, and the little stars twinkled merrily. The Hudson was not frozen over though the water was ice cold, and the air so freezing that the oars of the little boat, as they were lifted, shone in the moonlight and rattled against its sides. There was but a single occupant. The boat had shot out from a small cove only a mile or so down, and was even now heading toward the shore, where just back shone the light from a gentleman's villa. Thus as the distance was not long, the cold was not realized, and the gentleman's thoughts pleasantly engaged, for he quoted,

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair."

Suddenly, upon the clear sky, as though hitherto hidden behind a cloud, in golden letters glimmered the name of Maud, and almost simultaneously a bright star flashed far above it; then both as suddenly disappeared. He stopped rowing for a moment. All had been before so cold, and dark, and dreary, that it seemed almost like enchantment, and he exclaimed in wondrous ecstasy, "Maud, my star."

He did not mean to be profane, although he knew that the star represented the glorious light that illumined the world almost a score of centuries ago, and that all was the beautiful effects of fireworks which were one of the features of Mrs. Alton's fête. Now followed delicate fancies and beautiful symbols in the form of wreaths, scrolls and flowers, rare birds, and so forth, and then the display ended, for Mrs. Alton never allowed her guests to be entertained too much, as sometimes happens with less politic people.

But to throw aside what little mystery we have hitherto used, the occupant of the boat was Stewart Hutchins, who had come from Philadelphia to spend the week before New Year's at Mrs. Alton's country-seat. There was a large party besides, gay society people who seized upon the invitation with rapture for a frolic in the country at this season. But so far as Stewart Hutchins knew, or cared, he might be in the desert of Sahara, for he saw no one but Maud Alton. Like the star, she had flashed upon his vision at Saratoga, and filled his whole being with delicious radiance. It was a wild, maddening dream of love from which he might awake, or subside into the quieter affection of married life. People called her a flirt because she loved admiration and yet would not come down from her heights to more than beam upon her subjects. Gloriously beautiful and "splendidly null"—but Stewart did not know it, and his heart was filled with longing to see her, although it had been but a few hours since he had left her to go to Tarrytown to get a costume for the masquerade that evening. He had directed it to be sent to that place, as there were many wagers and much secrecy. He had donned his costume there, and it was Sir Walter Raleigh in rich cavalier dress of the Elizabethan period, who came up in the boat instead of Stewart Hutchins. That morning as they stood together in the breakfast-room, Maud had said, gayly, in reply to his au revoir,

"You will not know me."

"Not know you?" returned he, with ardent admiration in his eyes; "load yourself with wraps, as does the Turkish lady, or cover your face with a veil like the Persian, wear a nun's dress or vivandiere costume, and I should pierce the disguise, for your eyes would gleam through every covering and claim recognition of my soul."

She blushed charmingly, but replied teazingly,

"You were scarcely as exact in your remarks as usual. I supposed that the eyes of the Persian lady were always uncovered while the rest of the face was veiled, so that this recognition you speak of could not be so very difficult. Is not that so, mon ami?"

"N'importe," he replied, as gayly. "The principle is the same."

And he went away more in love than ever, for she had not repulsed his ardor, only checked it, and she seemed all the more womanly and charming. The memory of drooping eyes and flushed cheeks haunted him, and he decided to declare his love that very night, and that too, when she was masked, so that he might prove his words to be true.

Well, it would not be strange if his suit were successful, for he was handsome, wealthy and talented. Honorable, too; but somehow that seems to disarrange the triplets of qualifications, it is so seldom that one person possesses all. Maud Alton of course knew that she should marry sometime, and so had fully decided to surrender her hand and heart, of course to Stewart when he should propose. She knew, too, that for no other purpose had this Fete been arranged by Mrs. Alton, although no words had passed to that effect, for Mr. Hutchins was one of the finest fish in the sea matrimonial, and if he did not accept the delicate bait, there was the wealthy old banker, Mr. Carter, another guest, and Maud never hesitated as to which she should prefer.

As Sir Walter Raleigh strolled up the walk that evening, a lovely fanciful scene met his gaze. The trees were lit with tapers, and the evergreens gleamed darkly in the background, while Undine wreathed with lilies stood patiently by her fountain. A few maskers dared the keen air to wander through the still beautiful gardens. They passed him in motley groups, and he amused himself for awhile in listening to the conversation around him. A sister of charity passed him engrossed with the words of her father confessor. But it was of the opera he was speaking, Kellogg and Nilsson, and the sister said, "Oh, isn't she charming?" A nun moves gravely down the gravelled walk telling her beads. But she snubs the monk at her side to chat with the Spanish cavalier about the German. A bright little Spanish lady passes to the side of the monk and gravely bowing her head, says imploringly, "Your blessing, father." "Benedicite," and a little note falls from the ample sleeve into the folds of her mantilla. All is love, gayety and flirtation. A flower girl comes toward him and holds up a bouquet for him to purchase. He paid for it with wonderful exactness as he intently watched her. But no, it was not Maud, although at first he fancied it might be. With some laughing words they parted. Knights, monks, harlequins, Mary of Scotland, Roman senators, Indians, Rebecca and Rowena, Jephthah's daughter, Widow Bedotte, Cleopatra, Topsy, fortune tellers, and many others. What can be more unique than a masquerade? to see crowded into one room dresses and characters thousands of years separated; and because after a time many forgot their acting, it was all the stranger. What could be funnier than when the Roman senator and the Indian rapped their heads together as they simultaneously stooped to recover the heavy cloak that Cleopatra had wrapped around her dusky shoulders, but which slid to the floor? Where was Maud? None of these was she. But a stately form stepped forth, with the sweeping train and world-renowned ruff of Queen Elizabeth. Right royally she bore herself. No other, said he to himself, could carry herself so grandly but queenly Maud. She hesitated daintily at the little pool of water that lay just before her, perhaps to ascertain if this Sir Walter was as gallant as the other knight whose character he had assumed. Without a moment's hesitation he flung his velvet cloak with its rich crimson lining before her so that she might not dampen her dainty slipper, as he said gallantly, "Deign to step upon my cloak, most gracious majesty," and he offered his arm to lead her over.

"We will remember this of our good subject, and, perchance, may some time do a service that will well repay you, though never in all our life did we behold a knight so gallant."

The voice was queen-like, and had just the strong, deep tone that Mrs. Bowers gives with such fine effect. He was disappointed, for he had thought she would use her natural tone. Nevertheless, there was a resemblance both in her tone and height, and as she moved her hand a flame shot out from the solitaire he knew so well. He smiled at her oversight in wearing it, but said nothing.

They entered the conservatory where singing birds of beautiful plumage flitted about at will. Rare plants perfumed the air to languor, and a charming aquarium shone under the chandelier. The rarities of many lands were imprisoned within these four walls. Money is filthy lucre when it rattles in the miser's chest, or when doled out for the merest necessities, or when it builds up corporations upon the ruins of home, integrity and honor, or when it comes at the call of cards or dice, but it is beauty and refinement in the hands of cultivated people.

They were alone, and the lady stood in the shade of a tropical plant. At another time Stewart Hutchins would have hesitated to kneel, as being melodramatic, but now as he thought of the star which had appeared so far above him, and when he witnessed her gracious queenliness, he threw himself at her feet, and in passionate eloquence told her of his love. She seemed alarmed, and leaned against the wall for a moment. Then recovering herself, said—

"Is this acting? It is marvellously well done. Rise, Sir Knight, methinks we recognize thee as Stewart Hutchins ere you became Sir Walter. Are we right?"

"Yes, it is Stewart Hutchins, who would scorn to trifle as you seem to suspect. Oh, my queen, my star, drop your masquerading, and tell me that you love me."

"But are you sure that you know me?" she asked, hesitatingly. "Where did we first meet?"

"At Saratoga. Am I not right?"

MARCH OF INTELLECT.

JUNIOR PARTNER OF A SHIPPING FIRM—"Well, Mr. Jones, how is your boy getting on at school?"

OLD SERVANT OF THE FIRM—"Very well indeed, sir, except with his geography, but I think I have made that all right, for I have bought him Gulliver's Travels to study!"

"Yes, you are right," she answered, softly. "And I love you even as you love me."

At this moment a party entered, and they could converse no longer.

There was music and dancing, and then the Christmas tree. Santa Claus dressed in character, distributed the presents to the children of larger growth. They were of trifling value, but suited to the characters assumed. Each was accompanied by a rhyme, which was impromptu, and plainly discovered Santa Claus to be whimsical Will Alton.

"For the nun some beads,
May her pious deeds
Be all that she needs,"

and he gave beads to the nun whom he suspected to be Kitty Baldwin, a little beauty with whom he was in love, but who had treated him coolly for a few days.

"Well, isn't this fun?
Here is a gun
Instead of a dun,"

handing a small shot-gun to a young spendthrift who wore the costume of a scout.

"Here is a ruff for good Queen Bess,
Who wears her gown, none of you guess,
May she value hearts as she values dress,
And her beauty and wit never grow less."

"And a new tin sword, polished and bright,
For Sir Walter Raleigh, that valiant knight,
The ladies' gallant, and you may discover
Sometime, perhaps, that he's somebody's lover."

What hits there were, were random ones, and of course they caused no little merriment, but we will go no further with them, as they might become tedious.

Supper was served, and then came the unmasking. Stewart was next to the flower-girl, who no sooner laid aside her mask than she looked up laughingly, and in a triumphant tone said, "Did you discover my disguise? You thought that I should not take the insignificant role of the flower-girl, and I should not but for your words this morning."

He managed to ask calmly, "When did your Cousin Star Alton arrive?" for he had looked across the room and seen that the huge ruff and purple velvet train were worn by her Cousin Star.

"Ah, and so you discovered her identity after all! She arrived this afternoon, and of course had no dress ready; so I loaned her mine, rings, bracelets and all. Star never wears diamonds, but of course a queen must have them. Everything fitted her nicely, because we are just of a size, you know."

He succeeded in appearing unconcerned and laughed at the joke, but as soon as convenient slipped away and walked out into the cool air. What a dilemma to be in! His passionate declaration of love had been made to Star Alton instead of Maud, and what hurt his honor most, she had told him that she "loved him even as he loved her"—even as he loved Maud Alton. He well remembered the time when this assertion would have made him unspeakably happy, for once he had loved Star. It was at Saratoga they had met, and now he remembered she had asked if he was sure that he knew her, and thinking of the star in the heavens, he had called her his "Star." It was no wonder she had been misled. How could he right matters with the least shock to her delicacy? for, like the chivalrous gentleman he was, he thought only of her. He could not help recalling the evening when at his request she sang an Italian song. The words were not much, but the melody was thrillingly tender. They had been much together, walking, riding and sailing; he had read to her the tender songs of Tennyson, and in all had said a thousand times in heart-language, "I love you;" but now, when she finished her song and turned her beautiful face slightly from him, her hands trembling visibly, he had caught them in his own and exclaimed impulsively, "Star, my darling." But a crowd had surged in, just as they had to-night, only she had said nothing.

Star went to a room, and that night received a telegram that her father was dangerously ill. She left at midnight.

The day following Maud came. She heard of his wealth and station, and she tried her best to win him. To others she was cold and stately, to him daintily familiar, with a charming modesty that never allowed her to raise her voice sufficiently to hear her words unless he was very near. Then her blush would rise so often to her lovely face, and her eyes droop so bewitchingly. He could not be indifferent, and he was not. Somehow Star's fair face seemed to fade before the sun-like radiance of Maud, and it was in almost utter forgetfulness of Star that he had met her. But she, it seemed, had remembered. She had not forgotten when he called her darling. How beautiful and delicate and high-bred! Always kind to her inferiors, and Maud was not. He could not deny it, and Maud was a scoffer, too. She never had betrayed this in his presence save in one instance; but now, under the luminous stars, he recalled it. How bright and clear the night was! The river, dark and cold, surged by, but the stars actually seemed to warm toward him. Their namesake was like them, bright and pure. The strains of that same song he so well remembered floated out upon the night air. Star was singing it. He listened. The strains seemed to draw nearer and hover about. The sweet thrill in his heart, the outstretched hands, as if to grasp some sweet reality, as he exclaimed, "Star, my darling!" What did it mean? The witchery of song. Yes, but at that rare moment Stewart Hutchins awoke to himself. He knew that he loved Star Alton and her alone, and that all these weeks and months he might have said of his love as of a friend, "It is not dead, but sleepeth;" and now awoke under the friendly sky to new life. He had not been fickle, only dazzled. He returned to the house happy and contented.

"Why, Hutchins," exclaimed a gentleman, "where did you get that satisfied look?"

"Under the starlight," he replied; and Star caught a look that made her turn her head.

The Christmas Fete ended, and so had Maud Alton's chance of winning Stewart Hutchins. But it was some time before she knew it, and she continued to play off her arts, and her mother continued to manœuvre, until even more plainly than ever he saw how he had been led on by these means.

To Star he told all, and she forgave him, for she saw that however his heart had wandered that now he truly loved her—his Christmas Fate, as he called her.

Maud officiated as bridesmaid at the wedding, and then and there received and accepted the hand of a wealthy foreign nobleman—no sham, but a real bona fide count, as Mrs. Alton took pains to discover. He was not young nor handsome, but she enjoys her diamonds and chateau, for like another Maud, she is

"Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null."

The Witchery of Manner.

Almost every man can recall scores of cases within his knowledge where pleasing manners have made the fortune of lawyers, doctors, divines, merchants, and, in short, men in every walk of life. Raleigh flung down his lace coat in the mud for Elizabeth to walk on, and got for his reward a proud queen's favor. The politician who has this advantage easily distances all the rival candidates, for every voter he speaks with becomes instantly his friend. The very tones in which he asks for a pinch of snuff are often more potent than the logic of a Webster or a Clay. Polished manners have often made scoundrels successful, while the best of men, by their hardness and coldness, have done themselves incalculable injury—the shell being so rough that the world could not believe that there was a precious kernel within it. Civility is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, while the opposite quality exercises as quick a prejudice against him. It is a real ornament—the most beautiful dress that a man or a woman can wear—and worth more as a means of winning favor than the finest clothes and jewels ever worn. The gruffest man loves to be appreciated; and it is oftener the sweet smile of a woman, which we think intended for us alone, than a pair of Juno-like eyes, or "lips that seem on roses fed," that bewitches our heart, and lays us low at the feet of her whom we afterward marry.

Tecumseh's Tomahawk.

The Georgetown (Ky.) Times, says:—"Mention has been made of the pistol with which Colonel Dick Johnson killed Tecumseh, when the plucky old savage, with uplifted tomahawk, was bearing down upon him, evidently with the intention of taking his scalp. We have in our possession the tomahawk mentioned, and the curious can see it by calling at our office. It is the property of Col. R. M. Johnson, (young Dick of Mississippi, formerly of this county, and nephew of the old hero of the Thames,) and was left by him at the breaking out of the late war with W. B. Galloway, Esq., of this county, for safe keeping. The old instrument shows very skilful workmanship. The handle is ornamented with various devices of silver imbedded in it. It is so constructed that it can be used as a pipe as well as for taking scalps. It is the intention of Mr. Galloway to place the tomahawk, together with other Indian curiosities left with him by Colonel J., in the museum of Georgetown college until such time as the owner may call for them."

The Indian Famine.

A correspondent, writing from one of the famine-stricken districts of India says: It is no easy thing to write coherently with the moan of miserable starvelings constantly in one's ears. Whenever I looked up from the paper there stood or squatted before me outside the open door of the tent, some half dozen forlorn, hollow-eyed, emaciated women begging for food to keep them from starving. If I called for the chuprassie to "move them on"—for to work within sight of them was impossible—they went patiently away with the dull resignation of fatalists. But no sooner were they gone than others came. Lean mothers came and laid down little children, that lay prone on the grass, as if they were dead, for they were too far gone in starvation to stand on their wasted little legs, and prayed for a morsel of food to save their little ones. Wretched old women, shrivelled and starved almost out of human semblance, tottered over the grass, to fall prostrate outside the tent, and pray for relief, while their gray hairs trailed among the dust. The air was full of the dull monotonous howl in which relief is craved, as a marsh at eventime echoes with the croaking of frogs.

ROSE LEAVES.

We stood beside the sleeping bay;
She held my gift rose in her hand;
It was the last sweet trysting day,
And then, no! for a strange, far land.
She plucked each tender leaf apart,
And each leaf told its tale to me—
Each leaf a hope torn from my heart;
The leaves fell fluttering by the sea.

And oft in far-off lands I thought
Of one who never could be mine;
Who must be loved, but be unsought—
'Twas hard to love and not repine.
Those rose leaves withered on the sand,
But other roses bloom for thee;
Oh, lost love in the distant land,
Oh, rose leaves withered by the sea!

THE WAY TO DO IT.

BY DAISY BURNS.

"Lucy," said Farmer Wilkes, coming in from a hard day's labor on poor soil, "we're mighty poor."

"Laws, Sam, as if I didn't know that," replied his wife.

"And, Lucy, as long as we stay on this place we will be just as poor."

Lucy was silent.

"Me and the boys," continued Mr. Wilkes, who by the by was no grammarian, "may work hard from morning till night, and yet at the end of the year there's nothing to lay up, and we have to pinch and pinch just to live. Lucy, there's better soil than this somewhere. I think we ought to—"

"Now, Mr. Wilkes, you can just save your breath. I'm not going to leave this place.'

"But, Lucy, our boys will grow up poor with no means of schooling themselves—it makes my heart ache to think of it. Lucy, let's sell out and go further west where the soil will pay for working it."

"Sam, I've told you many a time I wouldn't leave the old place. I've been raised around here, and I mean to end my days right here, if it is poor land, so there's an end to it."

Farmer Wilkes sighed, scratched his head, and next day went to work on the clay soil again. He's digging there yet. But that wasn't the way Tom Wilson did. He concluded he had been working long enough on his poor flat farm; like Mr. Wilkes he had worked there for years, and yet nothing was laid by "for a rainy day." He had thought the matter over until he came to the conclusion that the best thing he could do was to sell the old place and go where the soil was good. He went west with a friend, found a place that suited him, and when he returned home broached the subject to his wife as they, with their children, sat around the evening meal.

"Fannie," he said, "I think we had better leave this country; the old place is about worn out, and for the sake of our children we ought to go where we can do better. They are getting old enough now—"

"I'm not going to do it—no, Mr. Wilson, I never will leave this place, and you needn't think any more about it."

"I saw some fine land while I was gone," he continued, "where we would soon become well off. I looked at a place which would suit us exactly, being near good schools and churches. It is fine soil, well improved, a good house and fine orchard. So I think I will sell out here and—"

"No, you'll not sell out, I just won't go; no I won't; it's foolish to think of such a thing."

"Well, the boys and I will go—won't we, little men?"

"Yes—yes, we'll go—we'll go with papa," exclaimed all three little voices at once.

"Well," said Fannie, "you all may go just as fast as you please, but here's one who won't budge a step. Go west indeed, where I don't know anybody—no, not I."

Mr. Wilson was determined on going, so he said no more about it to his wife, but went ahead, sold his farm and made all his arrangements. He even packed up his furniture and household goods; still said nothing to Fannie. His wagons were carried before the house and loaded, children bundled in, and just before driving off Fannie came out, wrapped up nicely, with her travelling basket swinging on her arm.

"Where am I going to sit, Tom?" she asked.

"Oh—ah—why, I thought you weren't going?"

"Of course I'm going wherever you and the children go; here put my chair in there," and she climbed in the wagon. That was a long while ago. Now Tom Wilson is one of the wealthiest farmers in the west, while poor Mr. Wilkes is just as poor as when he first began farming.

A WONDERFUL BIRD SHOW.

A London correspondent says that a bird show is now being held at the Crystal Palace, London. The Crystal Palace is admirably adapted for such a purpose, and few prettier sights could be witnessed than the great hall of the palace as it appears this week, with its splendid statuary, orange trees, palms, exquisite flowers, and ferns scattered about in rich profusion. A seemingly endless avenue extends through the centre of the hall, with two tiers of cages on each side containing birds. The whole building is filled with their melody. Every variety of bird to be found in England, and many foreign ones, are on exhibition. Some idea of the extent of the collection may be formed from the fact that of canaries alone there are no less than thirty-six distinct classes. With nightingales on every hand, and mocking birds, goldfinches, starlings, doves, skylarks, blackbirds, and robin redbreasts innumerable, and some very pretty birds called red poles, a person is confused. One of the latter gives evidence of more than ordinary intelligence for a bird. It is condemned by its owner to a life of toil, and was trained from a very early age to earn his own living, being compelled, by means of a cord and a bucket, to haul up every drop of water it requires from a well in the bottom of the cage, and is also obliged before every meal to drag a wagon containing provisions up a steep hill. The foreign birds make a very brilliant display. Among them are some gorgeous parrots and beautiful Chilian starlings. A discovery has just been made in the canary department which created a little excitement among the owners of the birds. It seems that for some years past a certain exhibitor has been sending canaries to these shows of a strangely brilliant color, described as "red-yellow." It was thought at first (even by good judges) that the color could not be real, but upon the feathers being submitted to a chemical test it was found to be genuine. Still there were some who doubted; but the mystery has at length been solved. It appears that the strange color is produced by feeding the birds on Cayenne pepper and hard-boiled eggs. We are told that a "piled-up teaspoonful" of pepper is added to a hard-boiled egg and a small cracker. Strange to say, the birds seem to be very fond of the preparation, and while it increases the brilliancy of their plumage, it in no way injures their health or powers of song.

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

We cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column. And there is no occasion of writing to ask whether we will examine a manuscript. Send it on, and we will examine it; keeping a copy, to avoid all danger of loss—as we do not hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of manuscript.

S. S. S., (Bridgeton, N. J.,) asks: "Where can I get a book on Ventriloquism, and what will it cost?" Write to any bookseller.

J. D. S., (Fairton, N. J.,) writes: "1st. Where was Longfellow born, and in what year? 2d. Has the Cuban question been settled? 3d. Which were Shakspeare's best works, and which Byron's? 4th. For how many years has THE POST been printed? 5th. What do you think of my handwriting and spelling?" 1st. In New England. We cannot give the date of his birth just now, but he is near seventy years of age. 2d. So far as relates to the recent difficulty with the United States it has. 3d. That is a matter of taste and opinion. Hamlet is certainly one of the finest of Shakspeare's plays; Childe Harold probably the best of Byron's poems. 4th. If you take THE POST, why do you ask that question? The year of its first issue is conspicuously printed on the heading of the paper every week. 5th. Both very poor, if it is any satisfaction to you to know it. It is none to us to inform you.

MAGNET, (Berlin, Ohio,) asks: "Do any metals besides iron possess magnetic properties?" Yes; nickle and cobalt in a strong degree; manganese and chorium in a feebler one.

NEWFOUNDLAND asks: "Is it probable that another ocean cable will be laid soon?—between this country and Europe, I mean." We see it stated in the papers that an English company proposes to lay a cable from Cape Palmas, Liberia, to St. Vincent, Cape de Verde Islands, thence to Lisbon, and from Lisbon to New York.

BESSIE asks: "1st. Which is proper in correspondence, for the lady or gentleman to write first? 2d. If a lady while sitting be introduced to a gentleman, would it be polite for her to sit still and make a slight inclination of her head, or to rise? 3d. Is it polite to use your handkerchief at the table? 4th. Does Mrs. Nella Z. Spencer write for THE POST now? 5th. Do you think sixteen is any too young for a girl to be sent to boarding-school? 6th. What do you think of my handwriting, for a girl of fifteen?" 1st. The gentleman should write first. 2d. In her own house she should rise. At other places, there is no occasion for her doing so. 3d. If the nose needs attention, give it—whatever is necessary is pardonable. Of course, turn away your head from the table. 4th. Mrs. Spencer has departed this life. 5th. It depends upon the young lady, and her character. 6th. Good.

C. H., (Phila.,) asks: "Will you be so kind as to inform me if there is any place in this city where a young man could get some light and genteel employment to work at in the evenings, and, if so, how would you advise me to get it?" If you desire such employment, your only way would be to seek for it until you find it. A determination to do or to obtain often results in success. You might try advertising.

L. R., (Towash, Hill Co., Texas,) writes: "Seeing in the correspondents' column many queries concerning the growth of the hair, I can highly recommend sage tea applied every morning with a brush, and I assure those who try it they will never regret the experiment, and it will also restore premature gray hair to its natural color."

A SUBSCRIBER, (Red Bank, N. J.,) writes: "Will you please inform me, through your paper, the meaning of the word Imitate? It is a word very much used in Detroit, Michigan. On hardware stores it reads like this: Iron nails, glass and Imitate store. It cannot be found in either Webster's or Walker's dictionary. So I ask you for the meaning." We received from you or another correspondent this same query a few weeks since, and stated our inability to answer it. We are still ignorant of the meaning of the word, if there is such a one.

J. C. B., (New York,) asks: "1st. Who are the publishers of our standard medical works? 2d. Would a strictly vegetable diet be suitable for one who studies hard, spending nearly all his time in study and exercise? 3d. Can the book, Audubon's Birds of America, be obtained? If so, at what cost?" 1st. There are several publishers of such works, but we cannot specify them. 2d. No; a "strictly vegetable diet" is seldom good for any one. 3d. Copies of the work can be obtained, but they are costly, and beyond the means of most persons. To the original work there were 110 subscribers at $1000 each.

ALICE asks: "Will you please inform me who or what is Dr. Brown-Sequard, of whom so much is said lately?" Dr. Brown-Sequard was physician to the late Charles Sumner. He is a distinguished physician, now living, we believe, in New York.

WILLIE LEELAIR, (Springwood, N. C.,) asks: "1st. Is it certain whether the Centennial celebration will come off? 2d. How many first class business colleges are there in the United States? 3d. Do I write sufficiently well for a bookkeeper or shipping clerk? 4th. How can a person when asleep tell if there is another person comes into the room? I have heard it said that they could. 5th. How long does it take for a person to learn telegraphy? 6th. Can a person learn French without a master?" 1st. It is reasonably certain that we shall now have an admirable and appropriate Centennial celebration. 2d. We do not know the exact number. There are excellent institutions of the kind in all or nearly all of our large cities and towns. 3d. Yes. 4th. The consciousness of the asleep is probably of such a sensitive character as to be easily disturbed; or it may be that the condition of sleep is only partial. 5th. It depends very much upon who the person is. Some learn much more readily than others. 6th. Yes, to read the language, but not to speak it with correctness.

G. A., (President, Pa.,) writes: "We have a discussion about the title of a book written by Mrs. Holmes. The work is entitled Inez. Now is the name called Inevez or, Inez? Please spell in answer as pronounced." The name is pronounced as if spelled I-nez.

SHIRLEY, (Cincinnati,) writes: "What is the sentiment of the topaz? There is a meaning attached to each stone, and they are arranged for each month—can you give me the arrangement of them?" The sentiment of the topaz is friendship. For other information on the subject, see No. 25 of the POST.

L. S., (Griffin, Ga.,) writes: "1st. When was the first crusade preached? Was it in 1095? And when the last? 2d. When we read that a prince is good and mild, by Abbott, and is very wild and dissolute, by Anderson, which shall we believe? 3d. If a father dies and leaves a certain sum to each of his children and one of them dies, who will receive his portion? 4th. What college is the best for young ladies, in the United States? 5th. Who has published the best book on etiquette? 6th. What is the origin of April fool's day? 7th. We have a musical society in college named after Farren. How should we decorate her portrait? 8th. Is Ireland ruled by the crown of England? 9th. Does the whale have blood like animals? 10th. Who went on the Argonautic Expedition to recover the 'golden fleece?'" 1st. The first crusade was preached by Peter the Hermit, and entered upon in the year 1096. The last of what are known as the Seven Crusades of history was begun in the year 1248. The term crusade has come into such popular use that it is applied descriptively to any aggressive movement of a mass or number. Thus we hear of the crusade against Intemperance against slavery or any other evil. 2d. Historians sometimes become mere romancers, making heroes or villains of characters of history, according as partisan feeling may sway them. In reading such histories or biographies it is a good rule to be on one's guard against "hero-worship," and also the opposite tendency to paint the devil blacker than he is. 3d. If he had not inherited it himself (that is, come of age and into possession of it,) his portion would go to his surviving brothers and sisters. 4th. Vassar College, New York, probably. 5th. We cannot pretend to decide that question. 6th. The two most popular explanations refer to the mockery trial of Christ and to the uncertainty of the weather. Brewer is inclined to think it refers to traditions about the Flood, when the "foolish" were left to the pelting of the pitiless rain. 7th. Is it necessary that it should be decorated at all? If it is, suit yourselves about it. 8th. Yes. 9th. Yes. 10th. Jason, the Argonaut, sailed with his companions to avenge the death of his kinsman, Pelyeus, and to recover his treasures, which the perfidious king of Colchis had seized, after murdering their owner. The ship in which Phryxus had sailed was adorned with the figure of a ram on the poop; which gave occasion to the poets to pretend that the voyage of Jason was for the recovery of the golden fleece.

E. C. B., (Brookston, Ind.,) asks: "What is the price of the book written by Mrs. Phebe Earl Gibbons?" The price is $1.50, we think. Write to J. B. Lippincott & Co., publishers, Philada.

H. T. W., (Radersburg, Montana,) writes: "Is there any known antidote for the bite of the tarantula? While in Mexico, Central America and the diamond region of Brazil I have seen men bitten by it and die in horrible agony in spite of the best medical assistance. I am a monomaniac in my dread of tarantula, would rather risk a band of Apaches or Sioux on the war-path, or anything that creeps, crawls or walks than that accursed insect. A cobra is not as dangerous." You speak like one having knowledge of the insect known as the tarantula, yet we can hardly credit all you say of its venomous nature. The best book authorities say that while the tarantula is reputed to be a dangerous insect its bite is in reality not more harmful than the sting of a wasp. It is popularly supposed to be cured by music, but the may be a mere superstition. We are inclined to believe that there is too much romance thrown around this famous insect. Perhaps your monomaniacal dread of it leads you into exaggerations concerning it.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]